THE

BRITISH LION *Rous'd*

THE

BRITISH LION ROUSED

3 G. k. 15

THE

BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

OR

A C T S

OF THE

BRITISH WORTHIES,

A

POEM in Nine BOOKS,

By *JAMES OGDEN.*

1.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The *PREFACE.*

SOMETHING may be proper by way of preface; not ſo much from Cuſtom *as* Neceſſity, *the plan being original, and the character of the* Author *obſcure.*

A bare Narrative of our national ſucceſſes, the intrepidity of Seamen, *the patience and firmneſs of* Land-men, *the harmony and activity of* Commanders, *in both* Departments! *The felicity with which (under the* Divine Providence) *publick meaſures have been taken by a patriot* Adminiſtration, *and executed with a rapidity ſcarce to be parallel'd: can command Attention, rouſe the Paſſions and give weight to* Poetry, *where the verſification, and language are not ſo poliſhed as in Subjects leſs intereſting.*

To point out thoſe ſucceſſes, to ſet that firmneſs, intrepidity, and Patriotiſm, *in an advantageous light, was the authors deſign; executed, perhaps, in too much haſte: But his friends were impatient for the Publication, and he could not reſiſt the pleaſure of celebrating, tho' imperfectly, the* Atchievments *of his Countrymen.*

Rhyme *was thought more eligible than* Blank-verſe, *in a work, equally intended, for the encouragement of* Soldiers *and* Sailors, *as the amuſement of* Scholars

and Gentlemen: *Jingle is an Aſſiſtant to memory, in the firſt; and the latter will obſerve the ſubject, notwithſtanding that reſtraint, burſting into a variety not to ſay irregularity, perhaps more ſtriking than juſt.*

Here let the Public *decide; If this* Poem *ſhall be thought worthy of a more elegant polliſh, the Judicious* Critick's *aſſiſtance is humbly requeſted; the* Author *being more ſollicitous to produce a work every where inculcating* Publick ſpirit, *from* Patriot Examples *upon univerſal* Principles, *than to indulge the conceits of unaſſiſted* Genius.

A few errors have eſcaped, in the laſt Book, which are corrected by the obvious ſenſe, and deficience of feet. It was thought better, inſtead of clogging the Narrative *with marginal referrences, to give at one entire view, the following*

CHARACTERS,

Introduced in the courſe of this work.

TERZILLIEL the angel of *Britain.*
TEUTONIEL, the angel of *Weſtphalia.*
OMBRULIEL, a miſchievous ſpirit, preſiding over the councils of *France*
FLATEUR, a *French* jeſuit,
CANTURIA, *Genius* of *Kent*, attendant on WOLFE,
FOUDRIOL, a ſpirit preſiding over fortifications.

JAPHETIEL, protecting angel of *Europe.*

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd;*

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject propos'd---Invocation---Exordium--France *the embroiler of* Europe---*Diſturbs the Peace of* Britiſh *ſettlements in* America---*Her cruelty there---Branded as fomenter of the Rebellions in* North Britain---*Duke of* Cumberland *celebrated for quelling the late Rebellion---Forc'd to relinquiſh* Hanover---Hanover *ravag'd by the* French---TERZILLIELL *the Angel of* Great-Britain---TEUTONIEL *the Angel of* Weſtphalia, *deſcrib'd as guardian angels of king* George *the ſecond ---His concern for the event of war deſcrib'd---The angels confer together on the preſent ſtate of the war* ---TEUTONIEL's *concern for* Hanover---TERZILLIEL *foretells the Defeat of the* French *at* Roſbach *and* Britain's *future Triumphs---They prepare the ſove-*

The ARGUMENT.

reign for the meſſenger's arrival with accounts from Hanover--*News arrives--The king's embarraſſments ---Calls a council---Reſolution to puſh the war by ſea* ---Pitt's *adminiſtration---Character---Preparations for war---Building, launching, and rigging a firſt-rate man of war--Captains celebrated--Preparations at* Spithead--France *ignorant of their deſtination--Concern'd for her trade---Her incroachments in America---Lord* Loudon *arives there with the highlanders--He labours to unite the provincial and regular troops--Succeeds--Valour of the* Scots--*Eagerneſs of all to take the field.*

The

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK the Firſt.

GREAT-*Britain*'s worthies, an illuſtr'ous train,
Who propt the throne in *George* the ſecond's reign,
I ſing--Names to their country ever dear;
Genius of *England!* doſt thou deign to hear?
Fit matter cull and modelize the ſtrain;
Lend ſacred Poeſy thy acuſtom'd vein;
Thy favour'd ſeats, ſea-girt as with a wall,
Demand the ſtrain---Check'd *Auſtria*---Humbled *Gaul*.
What int'reſt in *Germanic* feuds eſpous'd,
For ravag'd ſtates the *Britiſh Lion* rouz'd?
What pow'r in *Europe* kindled freſh debate
To break the peace of this well-temper'd ſtate?
France---difregardfull of her forepledg'd troth,
The law of nature and of nations both,

Spurning, while ſavage *Indians* ſhe inflames,
From purchas'd ſcalps to urge her boundleſs claims,
New ſchemes with all the ſpight of hell ſhe plans,
Who to rebellion drew the warrior clans,
From youth the uſe of murd'rous weapons taught,
And in the teeth of danger dreading nought.

Then princely *William*, with the firſt was nam'd,
None more effectual ever faction tam'd:
What change of circumſtance--now by *Richlieu*
O'erborn, and with Elect'ral forces few
Oblig'd *Weſtphalia* to evacuate,
And give up *Hanover* to *Gallic* hate.

Th' unwelcome tydings had not yet poſſeſt
The ſovereign's ear, who, late retir'd to reſt,
Anxious the various chance of war revolves,
Sometimes on this, ſometimes on that reſolves.

Two angels nightly at his pillow ſtood,
TEUTONIEL, and TERZILLIEL the good;
An Hierarch this, in youth eternal ſmiles,
Twelve angels ſtation'd round the *Britiſh* iſles,

Eight

Eight in *Columbia*, o'er huge tracts of land
Preſiding, duteous wait his high command;
Of rank inferior that commanded nine,
Guardians of old to *Brunſwick*'s princely line;
Theſe 'twixt the *Elbe* and *Weſer* nightly hold
Patrole, and ſee the watches duly told.

Eyeing their charge, TEUTONIEL ſilence broke;
How ſhall this aged king ſupport the ſhock?
Late by a watcher, and a holy one,
I am inform'd what's in *Weſtphalia* done.
Deedleſs from *France* the *Britiſh* fleet returns,
E'er long the *Gaul* ſpoils, ravages, and burns;
And what ſhall *Richlieu*'s ſordid graſp eſcape?
That ſoul of Mammon in a human ſhape!

To whom the Hierarch---As an angel's ken
By far ſurpaſſes that of mortal men,
So far confeſs'd, beyond thy ſphere I ſee
Into the boſom of futurity.

Mark

Mark now, e'er yet the ſovereign's day ſhall come,
That ray of light, which diſſipates the gloom,
France ſhall have ample Meaſure for the guilt
Of broken faith, and blood unjuſtly ſpilt,
What time relax'd from diſcipline and toil,
Her Troops march on and fly upon the ſpoil
Of ſo long harras'd *Saxony*, abhor'd
No leſs th' auxilliar than the conq'ror's ſword:
Then *Fredric*, like heaven's wrathfull miniſter,
Shall rout 'em, taken in the toils of war.
Spurn'd faith again *Weſtphalian* troops ſhall arm,
And ruin'd peaſants round their ſtandards ſwarm,
Like rav'ning kites, to chaſe them wing'd with fear
Sword, fire and famine waſting in their rear;
Britain ſhall on this fair occaſion ſeize,
And with her triumphs all the world amaze.
What deeds in embrio, or already plann'd,
Are then propos'd! what toils by ſea and land!
What dangers, yet how glorioufly atchiev'd!
France humbled and the colonies reliev'd!

But

But ſpeed we, as befits our preſent care,
E'er yet the Sovereign ſhall theſe tidings hear,
The vital ſpirits firſt to fortifie,
Life ſtands in doubt, without a freſh ſupply;
So ſaying from the golden belt that grac'd
His ſhoulders, whence fell ſkirting to his waſte
Celeſtial harneſs, he a vial drew,
Some drops extracting, which, however few,
Have ſov'reign virtue, therefore kept with care;
Sometimes the aged king wou'd drop a tear,
When urg'd by ſtrong neceſſity, perforce,
Warrants diſpatch'd give law its proper courſe;
Theſe purg'd from human pravity, and fix'd
With eſſence incorruptible were mix'd,
Of gratefull odour, compoſition rich!
This, floating on the breath of life, can reach
The brain's minuteſt windings, and impart
Strength to the knees, new vigour to the heart;
Which, now enlarg'd, with freer motion beats,
The fibres ſtiffen and the breaſt dilates.

'Twas

'Twas thus their ſacred charge the angels kept,
And pleaſant dreams infus'd. The monarch ſlept
Till ſix, his uſual hour; when he aroſe,
Calm ſatisfaction ſmooth'd his placid brows;
The vital functions ſeem perform'd with eaſe,
Each pulſe kept time thro' all th' arterial maze,
Officious mem'ry culling from her ſtore
Paſt ſcenes, what e'er is worth reflecting o'er,
But temper'd with a ſerioufneſs that bears
Good with a grace, and yet for bad prepares.
And now the fatal meſſenger arriv'd,
Quick flew the tydings, ſcarce at firſt believ'd,
Too ſoon confirm'd, the people ſtand at gaze,
The ſov'reign trembles for his native place,
And ſcarce what ſtrength the angel late ſupply'd
Upholds him, while conflicting thoughts divide
His undetermin'd purpoſe---whether peace
Offer'd to *France*, ſhall give the ſubject eaſe:
What give the *Pruſſian* up? the ſtricken hand
Forbids; in perſon ſhall he then command?

And

And leading *Britiſh* vetr'ans to the field
Shall *Gaul* to their ſuperior proweſs yield?
As when *Noailes* in flight repaſs'd the *Main*,
And left at *Dettingen* his thouſands ſlain.
But now my ſinews ſhrunk and age has froze
This Arm, no more a terror to my foes:
Thoughts but diſtract; a council ſummon ſtraight;
Help heav'n---and let me their deciſion wait.

A guſt of paſſion further utt'rance check't;
The council met, determine in effect
That *Britain* muſt her blood and treaſure ſpare
In carrying on the continental War;
Her proper ſtrength exerting on the ſeas,
To ſuccour her long-waſted colonies.

Then PITT receiv'd the reins, her rapid car
Britain gives up to him, and all the war.
With native eloquence he overbears
All opoſition; national affairs

His ſtudy: Politick; on no pretence
Rejecting, much leſs ſhocking common-ſenſe;
Well laid each meaſure, ſteadily purſued,
One ſimple end in view---the public good.

Such is the man; who, like another ſoul,
Informs the council, comprehends the whole,
And each minute department of the ſtate;
Contending factions leave their mutual hate,
By him united, and for vengeance call
On the fierce *Indian* and perfidious *Gaul.*

Mars ſummons now, with ratling minſtrelſy,
The ſturdy youth to arms---The youth obey;
Each old campaigner lifts the hand, amaz'd,
To ſee battalions train'd as ſoon as rais'd;
Part mann the fleets, part check the courſers rage,
Then mark out camps and mimick battle wage.

The faithful commons, to their ſov'reign true,
Old ſubſidies continue, voting new,

Married to commerce with her deedy hands,
Money munition for the war commands,
Which now the Tow'r from iron entrails pours,
Or *Chatham* from her unexhauſted ſtores.

Mark'd for the navy many a ſtately oak
Falls by the axe's oft-repeated ſtroke:
For timbers theſe, and thoſe for plank deſign'd,
Numbers unfell'd are yet reſerv'd behind
For future fleets, which coaſting may explore
The north-weſt ſtreight to *California's* ſhore;
Now *Deptford* to her ſpacious yard invites
Smiths, carpenters, mechanics, maſter-wrights:
With ſaws and axes ſome the timber break;
Some oaken pins of fit dimenſion make;
Theſe lay the beam or mould the crooked knees;
That gives proportion, this the work o'erſees;
Inceſſant go the hammers double tides;
Apace the veſſel ſpreads her oaken ſides,
Each tier compleating, now the quarters laid;
The BRITISH LION growling at her head,

Vindictive ſeems againſt his foes to roar;
Crowds now to ſee her launch'd line all the ſhore;
The artiſt each mechanic Pow'r applies,
Down ſinks the ſtern, her head ſalutes the ſkies;
Away ſhe goes---down dives---as quick again
Riſes---a caſtle floating on the main.

And now, their toil reſum'd, the workmen rear
Her pond'rous main-maſt; ſome the blocks prepare,
Some fix the tackle, every where depend [bend.
Ropes croſſing ropes; ſome make the ſails; ſome
With rigid nerve the anchor-ſmith mean while
Urges his purpoſe and inceſſant toil;
Fuel and copious blaſt the hearth ſupplies,
Till now the forge with flaming *Ætna* vies,
Each courſing each, the pond'rous hammers chime,
With ſtrokes recover'd and return'd in Time;
Another heat the foreman but deſires,
The maſs then holds what form it's uſe requires;
And many a fold of rope-yarn gives at length
The cable thoſe dimenſions and the ſtrength

By

By which a firſt rate at her moorings held,
Outrides the ſtorm---To labour all things yield.
Nor leſs diſpos'd *French* inſults to requite,
Merchants and bold adventurers unite;
By glory urg'd or by the hope of gain,
And mann ſtout privateers to ſcour the main.
Who firſt the nation's honour to retrieve
Deeds worth remembrance ſingly durſt atchieve?
Brave captain *Death*, with his undaunted crew,
Engag'd the *Vengeance*, whizzing bullets flew
Unintermitting, till on either deck
Carnage enſued, each ſhip a perfect wreck:
O'erpowr'd he greatly fell---The public tear
Flows for him---and relieves his relict dear.
As bold, but more ſucceſsful, *Lockhart* made
His fortune; none cou'd more annoy their trade:
When he appear'd the *French* their guns forſook,
And even at his name their colours ſtruck;
While gifts, preſented at the public coſt,
Witneſs his worth, with trophies fair emboſs'd.

Elliot

Elliot, of proweſs to diſtreſs the foe,
Gives proof---e'er long to grapple with *Thuro'*.
Undaunted *Ghilcriſt*, with determin'd rage,
Bears down;---but *Foreſt*, e'er he will engage,
Equally bold and politic employs
Force to ſubdue, and cunning to ſurprize;
A fleet rich laden, late ſecur'd by night,
With *Kerſin* now he ſeeks th' unequal fight;
Sucling and *Langdon*, under his command,
Threaten the plund'ring *Gaul* in ſight of land:
Aloft the *Britiſh* flag defiance hurls,
His topſail lately loos'd the *Frenchman* furls;
Tho' ſtrong, freſh reinforcements from the fort
Requires, e'er yet he ventures out of port,
Weighs confidently, then to fight his way,
Seven ſhips to three; clear decks without delay
The captains cry'd; each man his ſtation takes;
The *Dreadnought* now engag'd th' *Intrepid* rakes,
With burſt of cannon thund'ring on her bow,
Diſabled from the line ſhe falls in tow;

The

The *Sceptre* from the *Edinburgh* recoils;
Inglorious flight repays the boaſted ſpoils
Of *Afric*; but unable to purſue,
With victor ſhouts, each captain and his crew,
Cheer one another; glory! what they ſought,
Obtain'd--A ſeaman's toils are ſoon forgot.
DU QUENE ſets ſail to reinforce LA CLUE,
OSBORNE's broad pendant now appears in View;
No hope of ſafety but in flight remains;
The *Foudriant* yet a deſp'rate fight mantains;
Eighty braſs cannon, thundering from her ſides,
Her hoteſt fire the *Monmouth* yet abides;
Then GAR'NER, greatly for his country fell;
CARKET ſucceeds, and fought the ſhip ſo well,
Diſmaſted both and lying board and board,
To him alone DU QUENE reſigns his ſword.
Charm'd with ſuch courage in the fight; of four
One ſhip eſcap'd, one ſtranded on the ſhore,
Owes but her ſafety to a neutral Coaſt;
Two ſtruck--ſtout ſhips as any *France* cou'd boaſt.

HAWKE

HAWKE, on his ſtation, watches to ſurprize
A fleet and tranſports, freighted with ſupplies,
Courting for *Canada* auſpicious gales;
Winds ſerve at laſt, and now the ſquadron ſails;
Keen on his prey the *Britiſh* adm'ral ſprings;
Again they ſeek the port with canvas wings;
Not ſo ſecur'd; their anchors lately caſt,
Quitting, and with their cables ſlipt in haſte,
Soft mud receives them, lighten'd of their ſtores,
Which in her hungry womb the deep devours.

Great Britain's vengeance, both by ſea and land,
PITT now commences, but with ſteady hand
Governs the bolt, nor half the nation's pow'r
Exerts, till he has made the object ſure:
A fleet and tranſports under HAWKE's command,
Impatient on the hoſtile coaſt to land;
France ſees the cloud, (her late ambition curſt)
Ready with all the rage of war to burſt;
Now for her trade and threaten'd ports ſhe fears,
Or darling ſchemes, the toil of many years,

From

From cobweb brains of crafty ſtateſmen ſpun,
In murder finiſh'd, as in fraud begun;
Where ſcarce the planter gets a moment's reſt,
Expell'd from lands long peaceably poſſeſt;
But with his *Highlanders*, a faithfull Train,
LOUDON to their relief has croſs'd the main;
High in command and well-eſteem'd he toil'd,
Till jarring Intreſts having reconcil'd,
National and provincial feuds forgot,
All ſtand amaz'd to ſee the hardy ſcot
Fleſh on the Indian tribes his truſty blade,
With their infernal war-cry undiſmay'd;
Vowing ſuch courage ſoon to imitate,
They march and ſcarce the needfull convoys wait;
All eager *Gallic* inſults to repell,
And fix the *Britiſh* ſtandard at *Montreal*;
But toils by land and ſea muſt be endur'd,
E'er that ſubmits and *Canada*'s ſecur'd.

End of book the firſt.

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

RUMOUR and Surmize *magnify the dangers of war and produce an aversion to the service*--Mammon, *his practices*---*Difficulty of raising supplies*--*Administration embarras'd*---PITT *resigns*---*Recall'd*---*City of* London *congratulates him with a promise to support him*---*Operations of the war commenced*--*Lord* ANSON *with the fleet*--HOWE *and the Duke of* MARLBRO' *alarm the* French *at St.* Maloes---*Burn* 100 *sail of ships with naval stores*--*Rejoycings in the navy on their success*---*Lord* ANSON *treats his officers*---*Relates at their request striking occurrences in his voyage round the globe*---*End of the narrative*---*Captains join their ships.*

The

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK the Second.

BUT *Rumour* with her ſiſter fiend *Surmize*,
Sworn foes to ev'ry glorious enterprize,
As Twilight bats fly buzzing here and there,
With whiſper'd lies poſſeſs the public ear;
Fleets are equipt and expeditions plann'd,
In vain, if men thought worthy to command,
From ſervice ſhrink with prejudices ſtrange,
When glory calls and *Britain* vows revenge.
At well-known haunts lo *Mammon* takes his ſtand,
And ſwitch'd the currency with magick wand;
Vaniſh'd to private hoards, the ſpecie flies,
The growing heap with rapture *Shylock* eyes,
Expects, when hackney'd out to publick uſe,
Each ſum a double int'reſt will produce.

Th'

Th' exchequer fails; the bank is almoſt drain'd;
How ſhall the fleets and armies be maintain'd?
Fruitleſs the People's darling ſtruggles here,
And now the helm abandon'd in deſpair,
His patriot friend, alike in weal or woe,
Sooths with ſoft ſpeech, and yet the tear will flow;
Cares for the public welfare will intrude,
The hen thus anxious for her ſtraggling brood.

But *Britain's eldeſt Hope* no reſt enjoys,
Yet to recall him every method tries,
Whom, as an angel, ſtooping from above,
The ſtateſman ſees and all his country's love
Reviving at the precious pledge ſhe ſent,
Once more he takes the reins of goverment.

PITT thus return'd, *Auguſta*, crown'd with tow'rs,
Gratulates--From her ample lap ſhe pours
Treaſures immenſe---The active Miniſter,
Enabled hence to carry on the war,
Reſumes his ſtation at the council board:
Broods the foul fiend in vain upon his hoard;

All

All on the wing muſt circulate again;
So ſtagnant lakes, with copious ſhow'rs of rain,
O'erflow their banks, refreſhing man and beaſt,
Clear to the eye and grateful to the taſte.

Pleas'd with his ſovereign's and the people's ſmiles,
The much-enduring man reſumes his toils,
And public ſpirit points out ev'ry where,
Men void alike of faction as of fear,
Born his extenſive planns to execute,
In council cool, in action reſolute.

ANSON, whom ill the aged monarch ſpares,
Once more on board the royal fleet repairs;
MARLB'ROUGH the ſoldier leads--intrepid HOWE
The frigates--*Neptune*, riding on his prow,
Marſhals on either ſide th' obedient waves,
Now here, now there the hoſtile ſtrand he braves;
As when an eagle thro' th' aerial way,
Wheels with his new-fledg'd young in queſt of prey.

Now at St. *Maloes* CHURCHILL's offspring lands,
France trembles only hearing he commands.

The

The invalid now ſhews his unſeam'd ſcars;
Of MARLB'ROUGH's proweſs tells in *Flandrian* wars,
Of mighty armies foil'd as ſoon as rais'd,
Victims to bloody *Mars*, yet unappeas'd.
Beyond the town a ſpacious baſon lies,
Here ſhips deem'd ſafe, the troops by night ſurpriſe;
Theſe to the flames conſign'd with naval ſtores,
HOWE in the *Eſſex* their retreat ſecures;
High on his poop *Britannia* takes her ſtand,
Then thus e'er yet ſhe hurls the fatal brand.
Go now and ſet a price on chriſtian lives!
Go--furniſh ſavages with ſcalping knives!
Till the fierce *Indian* tutor'd under thee,
Refines upon his native cruelty,
While I theſe fires a prelude only make
To vengeance aim'd at *Breton* and *Quebec*;
So may it proſper as the Pow'rs above,
This my juſt act for broken faith approve;
For ravag'd colonies and BRADDOCK's ghoſt
Yet unreveng'd--ſo ſaid, aloft ſhe toſt

War's

War's fatal miniſter---the flames aſcend
Inſtant and over all the fleet extend,
A dreadfull conflagration---*Cancalle* Bay,
Illumin'd round,---and ſeen far off at ſea.

To fight the *Gaul*, or cover HOWE's retreat,
At hand the royal navy rode in ſtate;
Seen thro' the fleet, known ſignals advertize
Succeſs attends the daring enterprize;
Guns roar in triumph to the road of *Breſt*;
Repeated ſhouts the gen'ral joy expreſt;
Seamen, and officers, their meſs-mates treat,
Captains in barges on the adm'ral wait;
Politely urg'd they now partake his ſtores,
And choice *Madeira* each unſtinted pours.

With wonder ſtruck, the younger officers
See now advanc'd in honour as in years,
Britain's great Adm'ral hoiſt the flag again;
They long to hear what dangers on the main
He underwent, where ſuch a country lies,
And how he took the rich *Mannilla* prize.

All

All condeſcention, the experienc'd man,
Reflections mingling, thro' his ſtory ran.
Paſt ſuff'rings men with pleaſure recollect,
When ought worth public notice they effect.
Loaded with honours, afluence and eaſe,
At court tho' I have ſpent my latter days,
Theſe hands, with ſeaman's duty callous grown,
Have ply'd the axe, need then exempting none;
I've nurs'd the ſick, when waſting calentures,
And loathſome ſcurvy, ſap'd the vital powrs;
The weak a burden, mutinous the ſtrong,
With foes ſurrounded in a run ſo long.
Cape Verd's delightful iſlands having paſt,
Acroſs the line we to the ſouthward haſte,
Saint Catherines (on the *Brazil* coaſt it lies)
Affords of wood and water freſh ſupplies;
Thence looſing to the ſouthward yet we bend,
Where *Patagonia*'s open downs extend,
Of water ſcarce, and not a tuft of trees
The eye thro' all it boundleſs proſpect ſees;

Vaſt

Vaſt Herds of cattle on the harſh graſs feed,
And maſtive dogs run wild, a ſturdy breed;
Now rocks o'er rocks, mark (riſing imminent)
Th' Extreme ſouth limits of the continent,
Down to the baſe, where horrid clifts are left;
Some yawn---as if by former earthquakes cleft.
Now thro' the *Maggelanian* ſtrait we wind,
Expecting the *Pacific* ſoon to find;
Alaſs, long time thereafter tempeſt-toſt,
We look for ſhipwreck on the dreary coaſt;
Dead calm--and now a hurricane it blows,
With ſnow and chilling ſleet the tackle froze;
What could we do when land appears a-head?
Unable as we were a ſheet to ſpread.
But providence in our behalf appears,
The wind abates and in our favour veers;
Weather'd the rocks, again we bear away,
And parting company drive out to ſea.
Alone, with hurricanes I now engage,
And ſcurvy ſpreads with epidemic rage;

Not half the crew it's ravages ſurvive,
Worn out with toil what few are left alive;
Hither and thither by the tempeſt borne,
At laſt I find the paſſage round *Cape Horn.*

We ſee the great *South-Sea* with glad ſurprize,
Hoping our golden dreams to realize;
But Hurricanes, more dreadful than before,
Now ſplit the ſails and all our rigging tore;
Scarcely the hoſtile *Chilian* coaſt we ſhun,
Then for the rendezvous, *Fernandez*, run.

Signs of a *Spaniſh* ſquadron lately here,
From aſhes ſcatter'd on the beach appear;
Fears now alarm us; if they ſhou'd return,
How ſhall a few, with toil and ſickneſs worn,
Put out to ſea, or hinder them to land,
When none are able at a gun to ſtand?
Hope that our conſorts may the ſtorm ſurvive,
Determines yet our ſtay till they arrive;
Careful to moor the ſhip, and now to land
We bear the ſick; I lend an helping hand;

Expiring

Expiring ſome, by ev'ry tender tie,
Beg we wou'd let them in their hammocks die;
While yet they breathe of life I ne'er deſpair,
But ſee them as they lie remov'd with care;
Tents to receive them we erect on ſhore;
Nouriſhment, med'cine, both exert their pow'r;
But many die, and thoſe who yet ſurvive,
By cool land-breezes ſeem as kept alive;
From aromatic ſhrubs, with odours fraught,
Here nature plenty yields, with toil unbought;
Well water'd, like an earthly paradiſe,
This Iſland in a temp'rate climate lies;
Nouriſhing broths take place of ſalted food,
With boil'd goats fleſh, and herbs, in ſcurvy good.

Apace the ſick recover; but what joy,
When, by their ſignals, we our conforts Spy?
Inſtant we take the boat and row on board,
Embrace, refreſh, and needfull help afford.

Now, as our ſtrength recruited will permit,
We mend the tackle and the ſhips refit,

Then burn ſweet-ſcented wood, waſh, purge them
With vinegar, from ev'ry putrid ſmell; [well
The leſſer veſſels are diſpatch'd in queſt
Of port, or prize, while I bring up the reſt;
Some captures made, increaſe our common cares,
Both to ſuſtain and guard the priſoners:
Hence we reſolve the ſhips, unfit for uſe,
To ſink, and ſtrengthen others with their crews;
For *Payta* then we ſtretch with crowded ſails;
A bold attempt; but hope of prize prevails.

The Captives, won by our humanity,
Deſcribe the fort and harbour, how they lie;
Two I diſmiſs, as guides to threeſcore men,
The reſt on board, as hoſtages, detain,
With promiſe, if we meet deſir'd ſucceſs,
Aſhore to ſet them, free and ranſomleſs.

They land, and, under cover of the night,
Effect their purpoſe in the gen'ral fright;
Anxious mean while I keep the ſhips at ſea,
But come to anchor at the break of day.

When, from the decks, with tranſport we deſcry,
Fix'd on the fort, the *Britiſh* colours fly.

With ſpeed our gallant tars I reinforce,
Threaten'd with numbers, both of foot and horſe,
The following day, and that ſucceeding night,
They kept poſſeſſion in the foes deſpight;
Safe to their Shipmates ev'ry man reſtor'd,
With plate and dollars laden, comes aboard:
The Pris'ners, as agreed, we next releaſe
Ranſomleſs; but, before we quit the place,
The *Spaniſh* town to aſhes is reduc'd;
Becauſe to treat the governor refus'd.

Thenceforth the terror of the *Britiſh* name,
Spreads thro' the Continent, where'er we came;
Yet not as heretofore; from *Bucaneers*
Torture and loſs of life the *Spaniard* fears.

Diſſention following, now, about the ſpoil,
I quit my ſhare the reſt to reconcile.
Acroſs the line we next for *Quibo* make,
In hopes the *Acapulca* ſhip to take;

Either

Either we miſs'd her or ſhe fear'd to ſail;
While this way, that way, cruiſing with the gale,
No proſpect of a prize nor friendly port
Theſe ſeas afford, whereto we may reſort.

For *China*, 'tis at laſt propos'd to ſtretch,
A deſp'rate run, ſcarce hop'd that we can reach;
Yet all muſt to the circumſtance ſubmit;
No where the ſhips ſo likely to refit:
Ships did I ſay?---the *Glo'ſter* we deſtroy;
Of ſix that ſail'd but one I now enjoy;
That, leaky, day and night the pumps we ply.

The leak now found we in ſome meaſure ſtop;
To fetch up the *Ladrones* our preſent hope;
But ſcurvy now again the crew aſſails,
And long e'er land appears, freſh water fails.

We land at *Tinian*, a delightfull place;
Indians and *Spaniards* in a bark we ſeize;
With well-train'd dogs fat beeves they hunt us down,
Droves which run wild, their ears are tipt with brown,

Milk

Milk-white the reſt; there ſavage boars are found;
Water, fowls, fruit and wholeſome greens abound.
Our men recov'ring (I too ſick and weak)
We are preparing to ſecure the leak;
Alaſs by night the ſhip's from anchor borne,
We knew it not before ſucceeding morn:
Looſe ſhrowds, with ſails unbent, and ports unbar'd,
Much for ourſelves, but more for them we fear'd;
Scarce twenty hands on duty left aboard,
Their cruel fate and ours alike deplor'd:
Far, from *Old England*, ever like to pine,
Or but releas'd to dig ſome *Spaniſh* mine:
I fear her loſt, and yet my fears conceal;
Then by degrees my ſentiments reveal,
Without delay, the bark aſhore to haul,
And lengthen; ſhe perhaps may hold us all:
Stupid they ſeem, as thro' misfortune grown;
With temper urg'd, I mould 'em one by one,
To joyn my purpoſe---Proper trees are fell'd,
Each falls to work, in what he moſt excell'd:

Dext'rous

Dext'rous at ſawing planks I quickly grew;
The bark with labour on the beach we drew;
All toil, enforc'd by ſtrong neceſſity;
Our project now in forwardneſs I ſee:
With lime and tallow mix'd her ſeams we pay;
When lo the Ship once more appears at ſea;
Frantick with joy, away the axe I threw,
And haſt'ning to the beach ſoon found it true.
Straightway I ſent the ſtouteſt hands aboard,
To heave her in and ſee her ſafely moor'd;
To cheer their conſorts, wan and ſpiritleſs,
Strong hopes conceiving now of our ſucceſs.
At their accounts from tears we ſcarce refrain,
To hear how long they ſtruggled, but in vain,
E'er they could bring her under fit command,
And wrought the pumps till none had pow'r to ſtand;
While the ſtout veſſel, at a cable length,
Her beſt bow'r anchor dragg'd, unweigh'd with all their ſtrength.

Well

Well as we can the leak we now ſecure,
Replace the tackle from our ſcanty ſtore,
At *China* hoping better to refit;
Water took in, the iſland next we quit,
A fertile ſpot and full of People once;
To ſea we ſtand ſoon clear of the *Ladrones*;
Then at *Macao* into harbour came,
Leave to refit and needful help I claim;
Much ceremony paſt we help procure:
The ſlow *Chineſe* work leiſurely but ſure.

With ſailors hir'd, part *Dutch* and part *Laſcar*,
Refitted I for ſea again prepare:
Weigh then as tho' I meant for *England* ſtreight,
But change our courſe and for the galleons wait;
Half-mann'd with foreigners, old men and Boys,
At quarters now the Crew I exerciſe,
Conſid'ring how our ſtrength we may divide
To be in time of action beſt employ'd;
Two to a port are all that I can ſpare;
In parties ſome patroll from Tier to Tier,

As need requires, to load or point a gun,
My topmen dext'rous at a mark are grown,
And, many a time, with ſingle bullets bring
The ſea-fowl down tho' tow'ring on the wing.
At laſt the *Acapulca* ſhip appears;
No need of chaſe--- to fight us down ſhe bears:
Five hundred Men, her complement aboard.
Her waſte with network ſtrong is well ſecur'd;
Great-guns and ſwivels as ſhe nearer drew,
We on her ſides, poop, tops and gunnel view;
A fog ſometimes obſcures her from my ſight,
Yet no leſs reſolute than us to fight,
Upon her wind ſhe confidently lies,
Hope urges them of conqueſt, us of prize.
Both ſhips abreaſt and now at Piſtol ſhot
Engag'd---athwart upon her bow I got,
Enabled hence with eaſe her decks to clear,
Large ports admit my whole broadſide to bear;
Her netting fir'd with ſpeed they cut away,
And roll on heaps, yet flaming to the ſea:

Mean

Mean while my top-men dreadfull havock make,
None, ſave her captain, keeps the quarter-deck;
Buſtl'ing I ſaw him ev'ry where expos'd,
To make one effort more e'er all was loſt,
The men in corners ſculking for their lives,
Once more to their deſerted guns he drives
In vain---Again their quarters are forſook,
Their flag at laſt with difficulty ſtruck:
What cheer brave boys I ſcarcely can enquire,
E'er hints they give the veſſel is on fire;
The good *Centurion* has ſhe 'ſcap'd the ſeas
For this I ſaid---then haſten to the place,
Exert my ſelf---the fire ſoon overpowr'd,
I order next the *Spaniſh* crew aboard;
Their captain comes, a brave old *Portugueze*,
Ambitious of the honour both to face
And ſingly fight a *Britiſh* man of War;
He wept for rage to ſee how few we were;
Part of the cabbin on him I beſtow:
Valour aſks courteſy tho' in a foe.

The treaſures found exceed our utmoſt thought:
Our prize with triumph into *Canton* brought,
In perſon next I wait on the vice-roy,
Audience and royal privilege enjoy;
The galleon then to *Chineſe* merchants ſold,
When many a cheſt of dollars in her hold,
On board the good *Centurion* ſafe were plac'd,
For *Europe* then the firſt fair wind embrac'd,
When ſafely moor'd at *Spithead* I arrive,
All dangers weather'd out and yet alive.

His narative thus finiſh'd, on the peer
All gaze; in thought tranſported here and there,
To ſeas unvoyag'd and to diſtant climes,
Which ſcap'd the notice of fictitious times;
Dangers poſterity will ſcarce believe;
Scarce in the channel they themſelves perceive,
But ſoon the frigates getting under way
Each captain joins his ſhip and clears the bay.

End of the ſecond Book.

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

THE fleets return---Conſequences of the expedition, France *weakens her* German *army ---Victory at* Crevelt---Engliſh *Forces ſent to* Germany---France *Alarm'd and* Cherburg *taken--- Deſcription of the baſon---demoliſh'd---Security--- Effects of, on the army---Check at St.* Caſs---*Sir* JohnArmitage---*General* Dury *lamented---Characters of* Amherſt *and* Wolfe---Wolfe *conſider'd as a ſoldier--As a lover--Struggle between love and glory* Conubial Love *urges a Domeſtick life*--Wolfe *yeilds to her intreaties--Recovers at the ſound of martial muſick and a brigade in review---His agility in exerciſing troops---Marches and embarks for* Louiſbourg *with* Boſcawen---*Voyage in the channel--In the* Atlantic---*Pilots narrative begun, exhibiting various incidents of a ſeafaring life---with remarkable events in the laſt War.*

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK the Third.

IN triumph now to *England* they return;
France, when ſhe ſees her ſtores and ſhipping burn,
Recalls the troops from *Germany* in haſte;
To *Clermont* ſent, nor ſcarce the frontier paſt;
He now, with woods ſecuring either wing,
Expects triumphant laurels home to bring;
But FERDINAND, with military ſkill,
And *Pruſſian* vet'rans ſkirting round the hill,
Pours on his left with unexpected force,
Then fighting fell the flow'r of *Gallic* horſe,
Tho' far outnumb'ring in a ſtronger poſt,
With ſhame he quits the field and trophies loſt.

France mourns the loſs, her ſlaughter'd carbineers;
With ſpeed her army ſtrength'ning, when ſhe hears
That *Britiſh* ſoldiers, to *Weſtphalia* ſent,
Muſt once more thunder on the continent.

Again

Again intrepid HOWE her coaſt alarms,
And *Cherburg* ſtrikes the flag to *Britiſh* arms.
Amazement ſeizes on the neighb'ring towns,
While her old lords that antient city owns.
A baſon here, the work of many years,
Is now demoliſh'd by the engineers;
Pompous inſcriptions tell what ſums it coſt,
Point out it's uſes, and the founders boaſt.
Security the ſoldier now poſſeſt,
With ideot look, in tatter'd garment dreſt,
She pours to the beſotted multitude
Her dram of *Nantz* with poppy water brew'd.
Unable firſt, then mindleſs to embark;
Till midnight they carouſe---now in the dark,
Thro' ways unknown, toward the beach advance
By beat of drum, as tho' they'd conquer'd *France*.
Mean while the *Gallic* chief their motion waits,
The reſt embark'd, the grenadiers defeats.
Then fell, in battle's undiſtinguiſh'd Rage,
His country's darling, gallant ARMITAGE;

Unhappy

Unhappy DURY;---neither WOLFE was there
Nor AMHERST, *Britain's* thunderbolts of war.
WOLFE, early notic'd at the counſel board,
In ſecret long a worthy nymph ador'd,
Then breath'd his vows--her friends the ſuit approve;
About to revel now in lawful love,
His country's ſummons thunders in his ear,
To *Louiſbourgh* forthwith he muſt repair:
Glory and tenderneſs divide his breaſt,
And lo! *Connubial Love*, in view confeſs'd,
Light marks the ruddy eaſt whence ſhe aſcends,
White as the milky-way her robe depends,
Tuck'd by the *Graces*, negligently neat,
Flow'rs ſpring ſpontaneous where ſhe prints her feet;
On either hand the *Charities* are known,
Of kindred, father, mother, daughter, ſon;
Smooth *Blandiſhment*, that wrinkled care beguiles,
Laughter and little *Loves*, with infant ſmiles,
Compoſe her train---and looks, that more expreſs
Than fancy feigns--and lovers only gueſs.

And

And com'ſt thou thus---*Celeſtial*---he demands
In flowry wreaths, to bind theſe deedleſs hands?
I come ſhe ſaid, to urge domeſtic eaſe;
Let thoſe, in ſearch of glory, barter peace,
Who nothing ſeek beyond promiſc'ous joy,
The heart-felt rapture and the ſpeaking eye,
Woo thee--The nymph has deck'd the bridal bed,
Pines for thee and the ſolemn rite unſaid.
She paus'd--then adds--See now the fair in ſight;
And lo where *Hymen* waits his torch to light;
Then tarry here, nor face the dreadful forms
Danger preſents, in battles and in ſtorms.
The Soldier ſoftens while the viſion ſpeaks,
Till love of all his ſoul poſſeſſion takes;
But martial fifes and tambours drawing near,
Strike up and all the phantoms diſappear.
A camp mark'd out he ſees, on either hand
Soldiers embattled, wait his high command;
Advancing then, and facing inward, join
The whole brigade in one continued line.

Glory returning now dilates his breaſt,
At hand his courſer ſeen, vaulting he preſt,
The ſteed, obedient to his ſignal, ſprings,
Travers'd the camp, the rear, and both the wings;
His ſtation took; flames then the burniſh'd ſword;
Soldiers, with ſhoulder'd firelocks, wait the word;
To ſee 'em open, double, cloſe their files,
With ev'ry motion pleas'd, the gen'ral ſmiles:
Each man his ſtation keeps, and, quick as thought,
From right to left is ev'ry motion caught;
As one, to prime, load, ram, advance, retire,
And mimic heaven's artill'ry with their fire.

Short time elaps'd--when now they march away,
Take leave of friends, embark and put to Sea.
Th' unconquer'd *Genius* of his native *Kent*,
Attends the *Brigadier* where'er he went;
Thenceforth conſider'd as her ſpecial care,
Till glorious he has finiſh'd his Career;
So bids TERZILLIEL, with his flaming ſword,
Anxious to ſee the collonies reſtor'd.

The

The diſtant hills now leſs'ning to the eye,
Are ſcarce perceiv'd; now all is ſea and ſky;
Again, where *Britain*'s other arm extends,
The coaſt appears, and lo at *Penzance* ends.
Hibernia, fam'd for linens and for beeves,
The careful pilot on his right hand leaves;
Paſſing the ſouthern head-land, ſtretches now
Th' *Atlantic*, with his daring keel to plow
For climes, to antient *Greece* and *Rome* unknown;
They fabled ev'ry night the ſetting ſun
From his meridian ſtooping to the Weſt,
Sunk in the ſea on *Thetis* lap to reſt;
Nor knew that to another hemiſphere,
He ſcourg'd his fiery ſteeds and flaming car.
The ſea-ſick ſoldiers, cloſe in tranſports pent,
Wiſh for the land their proper element;
Not ſo BOSCAWEN, keeping up the ſtate,
Of *Britiſh* adm'rals, in his cabin ſat,
Pond'ring his charge--known ſignals now depend;
The pilot call'd, the gen'rals too attend.

An able helmſ-man, and an honeſt tar,
Let me, the adm'ral ſaid, preſent you here:
In *Breton's* and *Saint Laurence'* ſoundings ſkill'd;
Thence at *Quebec* long time a pris'ner held,
With ſtricteſt charge to *France*, by MONTCALM, ſent,
How he eſcap'd, what dangers underwent,
But chief, what ſuits our preſent purpoſe moſt,
His knowlege of the river and the coaſt,
You beſt may from his own relation hear:
Captain--be free--the ſhips from land are clear;
Your ſtory tell, while I prepare a bowl,
And drink in turn--Each ſeaman is a ſoul.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when now the bowl was crown'd
Succeſs to *Britain's* navy toaſted round;
Drinking in turn, and bowing where he ſat,
The pilot ſaid 'tis needleſs to relate,
What various chances, from a cabin-boy,
Happen'd; ſuffice it that I did enjoy
Some years, with reputation the command
Of a ſtout ſloop, as ever weather'd land;

When

When cruiſing in the gulf, a *Frenchman* hail'd,
His numbers and a clean new ſhip prevail'd.
Now, at *Quebec*, cloſe pris'ner I'm detain'd,
They knew my ſkill, by long experience gain'd---
Ought of that ſkill, if mem'ry can ſupply,
Tell us ſaid WOLFE---the maps before us lie;
Much on thy information may depend;
To ſea affairs, with pleaſure we attend;
And ſuch the enterprize we take in hand,
So carried on by ſea, as well as land,
Before it ends the ſtouteſt landman here,
May yet be forc'd to take the helm and ſteer,
To furl the ſails, and hand, and reeve, and ſplice;
Gallantly urg'd the admiral replies,
Nor ſhall the *Britiſh* ſeamen grudge on land
What toil ſoe'er the ſervice may demand;
Content the pilot ſaid; and now with care
Tracing the maps, he points out, ev'ry where,
From *Louiſbourg* far inland to the lakes,
How wind the ſhores, what courſe *St. Laurence*
takes; Its

Its ſoundings aſcertains, creeks, inlets, iſles;
Diff'rent accounts he either reconciles,
Or better from his own remarks ſupplies;
Deſcribes the forts where likelieſt to ſurprize,
Where leaſt the ſurf and eaſieſt of aſcent,
The ſhores a proper landing-place preſent;
But ſhoals, by former voyagers unſeen,
Breakers, and ſhifting ſands will intervene,
The ableſt navigator to confound;
'Tis ſafeſt then, with boats a-head to ſound;
Old ſeamen in this ſervice beſt ſucceed;
Some I have ſeen, who cou'd not write or read,
By whom, an able captain, well advis'd,
May hints receive no way to be deſpis'd;
Yet many a Time, by brutal officers
Inſulted, not regarding their gray hairs.

I'm glad to meet, reply'd the *Man of Kent*,
With one ſo humane, ſo intelligent;
Yours, doubtleſs, is an intereſting tale;
To give the whole might I on you prevail,

And

And this reſpected audience ſignifie
Their kind conſent my wiſh to gratifie.
They bow to ſignifie their joint conſent,
He to return the general's compliment; [laſt,
Then thus--while young my parents breath'd their
And left me friendleſs in the workhouſe caſt;
It griev'd me moſt a ſeaman there to ſee,
On crutches borne, ſhot quite thro' either knee;
Oft at his ſide I ſtood and ſtroak'd his beard,
Of ſeafights under BLAKE and RUSSEL heard,
Then urg'd him to repeat the wondrous tale;
A little boat he hollow'd out of deal,
Rigg'd ſometimes like a ſhip, now like a ſloop,
Sometimes a brig; he names me ev'ry rope,
Their uſes points, what ſails are thrown aback,
To lay her to, how edg'd to wear or tack.
He died--when nothing now cou'd tempt my ſtay,
I left the place and bound myſelf to ſea;
The captain my docility admires,
If e'er I'd been at ſea before enquires;

Well

Well as I cou'd I told my ſtory through,
Soon in old *Capſtan*, he a ſhipmate knew;
Poor *Capſtan*--then he ſigh'd and ſhook his head;
Well boy I'll be your father, ſince he's dead.

Soon after, in the cabin near him plac'd,
Under his care I learnt to write and caſt;
The more I was indulg'd the more I felt
My tender heart with gratitude wou'd melt;
Ready to ſerve my patron, nay my friend,
And fearing nought ſo much as to offend.

Proſp'rous in ſev'ral voyages we trade;
Now journals kept and obſervations made;
The uſe of all his inſtruments, at will,
The captain grants, relying on my ſkill;
For, to the cabin frequently confin'd,
His conſtitution viſibly declin'd.

The kindeſt maſter and a ſeaman thro',
His weakneſs now increas'd, alarms the crew;
All know the mate to be a ſordid wretch,
What pow'r he now enjoy'd too apt to ſtretch;

Skilful

Skilful enough, but ill to be adviſ'd,
E'en on the watch with liquor oft diſguiſ'd.
Calling me to his cabin, where he lay,
The captain ſaid, I ſhall expire at ſea;
I know you will my laſt requeſt fulfill;
Take this ſeal'd packet; it contains my will.
In ſome ſure place, I truſt, you'll ſee it laid,
And, as directed, to my friend convey'd:
I fear the mate will think, when I am gone,
What he ſecretes of mine will be his own:
Think what his ſtation yet from you requires,
Tho' with my death your ſervitude expires,
And ſet a good example to the crew;
My inſtruments and books bequeath'd to you,
Take now--What's needfull hence you'll underſtand;
Reckon yourſelf; take nought on ſecond-hand;
When all is prov'd and free from error found,
Expecting land, take care to whiſper round,
Among the men, a good look-out to keep,
Then ſafe to port, ne'er fear, you'll bring the ſhip.

Few days ſurviving after this he died;
With tears we hoiſt him o'er the veſſel ſide,
And to the ſea his breathleſs corſe commit;
However great my grief I muſt ſubmit.

Now free, and almoſt twenty years of age,
Aboard I enter at the uſual wage,
Knowing my place, warn'd by ſo dear a friend,
To his direction punctual I attend.
Briſtol we gain--the will convey'd on ſhore,
Safe with his friend, a merchant, I ſecure;
Inclos'd a ſhort account of his effects,
Certifies each and any fraud detects;
Concluding to the merchant and his friends,
In kind expreſſions me he recommends;
Charging, on his expence a year at leaſt,
I with an able maſter may be plac'd:
With the beſt maſter *Briſtol* can ſupply
Indulg'd, and each convenience I enjoy;
'Till ready at a proſpect, plan, or view,
I ſoon a tollerable draftſman grew.

The

The time however thus to purpoſe ſpent,
Land they perceive is not my element;
Scarcely content to ſee the year expire,
On board a coaſter next myſelf I hire.
What time from duty, here there is to ſpare
I ſketch the coaſts, and harbours, how they bear,
From pilots learn, whene'er they come aboard,
What hints their ſkill or kindneſs may afford,
As well whate'er I know communicate,
Careſs'd by both the maſter and the mate.
But fond of flatt'ry, free enough to treat,
With careleſs tars I ſoon aſſociate.
No journal kept, my books but ſeldom read,
My ſkill with oſtentation oft diſplay'd,
That I might ſometimes let the captain ſee
I cou'd conduct a ſhip as well as he:
Such a behaviour ſoon his favour loſt,
My purpoſe with deſerv'd contempt he croſt.
His ſtudied coldneſs ſtung me to the quick;
I left the ſhip, nor long another ſeek;

On board a veſſel in the *Spaniſh* trade,
And, at my friend's requeſt, ſhips ſteward made.
Florida paſt and to the *Iſthmus* bound,
The nature of our traffic ſoon I found;
By night we land, but e'er the break of day,
Let fly the topſail, ſtanding out to ſea:
Poſſeſſing all the ſecrets of addreſs,
Our captain to their ports has free acceſs,
With gifts the greedy governors can mould;
Here *Engliſh* broad-cloath bribes paſt gems or gold;
They wink while wood and water we procur'd;
The merchants, with uncommon gains allur'd,
Drive haſty bargains--ſoon the dollars told;
Boats come by night and fetch what we have ſold.
Great gains our owners made, and little leſs
The captain; others fir'd at ſuch ſucceſs,
Now with *European* bales purſue his track,
Whom ſurly *Guarda-coſta's* ſoon attack;
Condemn'd to work the mines, without relief,
And wear out life in wretchedneſs and grief.

But

But howſoe'er our credit we maintain,
And ſingly ſeem to work ſo rich a vein,
As thro' the gulf we now to windward ply,
And nearing *Florida* the ſoundings try,
A *Spaniſh* man of war, that lay in ſhore,
Loos'd, and with all her canvas on us bore;
We know it is in vain a ſearch to ſtand,
All our returns are here deem'd contraband;
Then inſtant hand the tacks and ſcud away,
But forc'd on ſhore in *Apalatche-Bay*.
Quitting the ſhip, we bear, from ſavages,
Repeated inſults, few and weaponleſs;
Thro' deſart wilds, by human feet untrod,
The ſtars and rivers point us out a road.
Our ſhoes wore out, replac'd with bark of trees,
Till guides procur'd among the *Cherokees*,
With part at *Carolina* I arrive:
Whether the captain's dead or yet alive,
Or to our ſcater'd ſhip-mates what befell,
Tho' oft enquiring, I cou'd never tell.

The

The provinces we in a ferment find,
At war with *Spain*--the frontiers nearly join'd,
And VERNON landing on the *Spaniſh* main;
Now, with ſix ſhips, had *Porto-bello* ta'en.
While ſome to ſettle here their views confine,
Some under OGLETHORPE the army join;
A few to *England* bound at common wage;
On board the *Baltick Merchant* I engage;
Stout colonel BRAITHWAITE paſſage with us took,
Still by his faithful lady unforſook;
Two children equal danger with 'em ſhar'd,
Two female friends by both alike rever'd.

A privateer, with *French* and *Spaniards* mann'd,
Attack'd us now, near *Scilly*, making land,
No hope to gain the harbour tho' in ſight,
Four hours or more we held a deſp'rate fight;
Bold captain HOLWAY cheer'd the fainting crew,
The col'nel on the deck like light'ning flew,
From port to port, and pointing with his Sword,
Sees every gun with judgment rais'd or lowr'd.

Numbers

Numbers prevail'd--They ſcarce poſeſſion got
Before the col'nel, in cold blood, was ſhot!
And in his ſhrieking lady's arms expir'd;
The fatal ball a coward *French-man* fir'd;
In fetters by the *Spaniſh* captain laid,
The wretch to *St. Sebaſtians* is convey'd;
Where fed with mouldy bread and rotten peaſe,
We likewiſe lie, expecting a releaſe.
Six months elapſe--and then we are releas'd,
But ſoon as landed by a preſs-gang ſeiz'd.
In a king's ſhip I enter volunteer,
The captain was a perfect tyrant here;
Of language courſe, in manners diſſolute,
To officers and men a perfect brute;
For cruelty notorious grown, at laſt
He's tried, condemn'd and publickly diſgrac'd.
Such treatment he deſerv'd--but long before
I am to captain MIDDLETON turn'd o'er;
Nor long had been on board, before I found
To try the north-weſt paſſage we are bound.

Two

Two frigates, furniſh'd by the goverment,
Together, were on this diſcov'ry ſent;
Paſſing the ſtreights, a winding courſe we take,
Through ſhoals of ice, and *Churchill* river make:
Dreary, with froſt ſet in, the ſhores appear;
We moor the ſhips, reſolv'd to winter there.

The company of *Hudſon's bay* have made
This place the center of their peltry trade.
O'er head the *Arctic* ſtar continual wheels,
Lakes here to ſolid ice the cold congeals:
On heaps, the rocks, with loud exploſion riſe,
Trees rive, and vapours under ſheets of ice,
Heave up the maſs with many a fearful crack,
As nature's frame were ſtretch'd upon the rack.

Of ſtone the houſes, and conſtructed low;
We warm with ſtoves, our water melted ſnow;
For with the cold, increaſing by degrees,
All liquids, even ſpirits, ſolid freeze;
This to prevent, we ſometimes heat red hot,
And ſling in chains large double-headed ſhot;

With

With ſcurvy yet the fleſh ſoon mortifies,
Which nought prevents but air and exerciſe;
And if we venture out, ſo keen the air,
White chilblains riſe where'er the ſkin is bare,
Which inſtant friction ſometimes may prevent,
If not with warm ſnow-water we foment.

Well cloath'd, whene'er we venture out of doors,
With duffil blanketing and beaver furs,
A cap and cover for the face we wear,
Snow-ſhoes, conſtructed from the ſkins of deer,
The natives furniſh, platted thong with thong,
Of proper breadth and full a fathom long.

Hares, foxes, rabbits, partridges, and deer,
All ſummer months are found in plenty here;
Hence is the trade with ſtocks of fur ſupply'd,
Their fleſh in froſt keeps long unputrify'd;
Fiſh frequent in the depth of winter caught,
Content the people, till by factors taught
To drink ſtrong liquors, now a ſquallid race,
Their ſtrength and numbers viſibly decreaſe.

Long ſeem'd the time before the froſt ungave,
The ſun at laſt returning we perceive;
Seen firſt he peeps above the diſtant hills,
Now half-diſcover'd round th' horizon wheels,
The fogs diſpelling with his chearful glance,
Potent the rays, however ſhot aſkance.
As round the pole, in ſight, he ſtill revolves,
With pleaſure we obſerve the ice diſſolves;
Yet ſtiff with froſt, the hawſers then uncoil,
Clear ſhips of ice, and with no little toil,
To weigh the anchors--Looſe--then winding on,
Thro' flakes of floating ice beat round the frigid zone,
To ſtave them off what perils we ſuſtain'd,
What toils; the *Welcome* paſt *Cape-dobbs* we gain'd;
A headland clad with undiſſolving ſnow;
No ſoil, and not a blade of graſs below.
Yet winding thro' the ice this coaſt we leave,
And farther ſtretch'd, an op'ning now perceive,
Seemly the paſſage ſought both deep and wide,
With boats we venture up and try the tide;

Then

Then back return unſatisfy'd as yet,
A river ſome will have it, ſome a ſtrait.
Here paus'd the pilot, in his tale perplex'd;
Well, ſaid the brigadier, what follow'd next?
Hold I intreat you, cries the adm'ral, hold,
Our liquor ſtands--You hear the climate's cold,
However glad to ſee you entertain'd,
I'll get another bowl, let this be drain'd;
The captain, juſt refreſh'd and breath'd the while,
Then ends his tale---All nod aſſent and ſmile.

End of the third Book.

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

HARMONY among the officers--Pilot's narative ends--Boſcawen's *remarks on it--On captain* Brett's *behaviour and recommendation by lord* Anſon---*On captain* Midleton's *voyage to* Hudſon's-Bay---*On admiral* Vernon's *expedition to* Cartagena ---*A grand project of the miniſtry, at war with* Spain *How diſappointed--Concludes with a ſpirited addreſs to the officers concerned in the preſent expedition--Fleet at* Hallifax---*Joined by* Amherſt---*Sails for* Louiſburgh--*Impatience of* Wolfe *to land--Reſtrain'd by a meſſage from* Terzilliel--*Lands--Operations of the ſiege deſcribed--Ships burnt & taken--City treats and capitulates--Story of an* Engliſh *priſoner there--* French *priſoners ſent to* England--*Rejoycings and humours of the people---The people pleaſed with the adminiſtration*

The ARGUMENT.

adminiſtration---Happy in trade and agriculture--Opoſed to the ravages of war in Germany--*In* America--*Lord* Howe *lamented and* Abercrombie's *defeat accounted for.*

A

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK IV.

ANOTHER bowl BOSCAWEN now prepares,
Mellowing apace---On national affairs
The converſation turns---To friends at land
Libations pour'd---No where the bumpers ſtand,
'Till at a ſignal to reſume the thread
Of his relation---Thus the pilot ſaid.

Arriv'd in *England*, from thoſe regions drear,
Whence abſent we had been two years, or near.
Now under gallant BRETT, a cruiſe, I ſail;
Known in the ſervice for his well-tim'd zeal
Againſt the tools of *France*, to *Scotland* ſent,
Rebellion in the *Highlands* to foment.
Two ſhips we met, the largeſt we engag'd,
Loſt fifty men, five hours the battle rag'd,
Twice fifty wounded, all our rigging tore,
With greater loſs ſuſtain'd away ſhe bore;

Her

Her ſcuppers ſtreaming blood, the captain kill'd,
Both ſhips with arms, and men, and money fill'd:
During the fight, while that to *Scotland* ſtands,
This we forc'd back, ſcarce muſt'ring half her hands.
Our gallant captain, his lieutenants brave,
All wounded--All refus'd their poſts to leave;
Had BLAKE or RUSSEL riſen from the dead,
And ſeen the decks with carnage overſpread,
Seen with what reſolution both ſhips fought,
How duly ſerv'd--how well the guns were wrought,
Upon the fight with pleaſure they had gaz'd;
Nay--on a coward's ſword the chaplain ſeiz'd,
And bravely, after that, his ſtation fill'd,
Worthy a better fate! in battle kill'd.

But valour, not her own, ſhall *France* here boaſt?
The crew of britiſh fugitives compos'd;
Men who their country's int'reſt had forſook,
And deſp'rate grown for fear of being took.

Nor ſuch, the ſcandal of the *Britiſh* name,
Without a cauſe, their mother-country blame;

This

This we too ſoon, experienc'd at the peace;
Now ſailors ſtrole, diſcharg'd, from place to place,
As well by merchants, as the goverment,
Treated with diſregard--To *France* ſome went,
Some lie at home, a burthen to their friends,
Nor e'er of prizes get their dividends.

Rememb'ring, in our courſe from *Hudſon's-bay*,
With leave indulg'd on ſhore a while to ſtay,
The time I with a *Boſton* trader ſpent,
Advice to him of my diſcharge I ſent,
Then work'd the paſſage to *New-England* bound,
And landing ſafe, a kind reception found;
My ſavings, freighted there in merchandize
Turn to account--Then, with my friends advice,
Join'd with his intereſt, I engage as mate,
On board a coaſting veſſel up the ſtrait;
Maſter at laſt I trade from place to place,
Engliſh or *French*, alike in time of peace.

War breaking out with *France*, reverſion ſtrange,
A pris'ner long, and hopeleſs of exchange,

Expecting

Expecting in a foreign jayl to rot,
With heavy heart, I climb the packet-boat
For *France*--We call'd at *Vigo* by the way,
Where now an *Engliſh* ſhip at anchor lay;
By night, ſecur'd the letters paſt my hope,
With little noiſe into the ſea I drop;
Then turning on my back my chance to take,
Float, with the tide, direct into her wake,
And with the hawſer ſafe ſecur'd on board,
Diſpatch'd o'er land, ſafe paſſage I procur'd;
Well pleas'd if I can yet my country ſerve,
And notic'd thus far more than I deſerve.

Silent, till thus the pilot ends his tale,
All praiſe his conduct and admire his zeal:
Behold the man, with rapture WOLFE replies,
Mark'd out by heav'n to guide this enterprize;
Under whoſe care, ſucceſsful ſhould we land,
I aſk no more--O worthy to command!
BOSCAWEN ſaid, our batt'ries then ſhall make
Louiſbourgh from her ſtrong foundations ſhake;

All thoſe brave men, who in the *Lion* ſerv'd,
With captain BRETT their country's thanks deſerv'd;
BRETT, worthy all the honour he enjoys;
Lord ANSON, in that gallant enterprize,
Bore witneſs to his worth--Their voyage round
The globe--our future annals ſhall reſound.
For BRETT he aſk'd, and favourably heard,
Saw the lieutenant to a ſhip prefer'd;
E'en then, however ſlander ſought to ſtain,
The miniſter, as one who favour'd *Spain*,
A plan he form'd the *Spaniard* to diſtreſs,
Was worthy to have met with more ſucceſs.
With ſtrength proportion'd to ſo bold a ſtroke,
VERNON had nearly *Cartagena* took;
Nor the great ſtateſman cou'd his joy ſuppreſs,
When news arriv'd the troops each fort poſſeſs,
Deep-laid each other ſcheme on this depends,
Northward experienc'd MIDDLETON he ſends,
Southward bold ANSON was to fight his way,
If both ſhall find a paſſage to the ſea,

In the pacific both their forces join;
Should only one ſucceed in the deſign,
While VERNON's pow'r the narrow *Iſthmus* keeps,
To theſe, an eaſy prey the *Spaniſh* ſhips;
Men, ſtores, proviſion, might o'er land be ſent,
Till they had conquer'd all the continent.

A well--laid plan, and what may yet take place,
If *Spain* ſhou'd e'er our juſt reſentment raiſe;
But pers'nal feuds and VERNON's ill-tim'd ſtate,
Ruin'd that ſervice---*Britain* ſaw, too late,
To carry on a national deſign,
Her fleets and armies muſt their int'reſts joyn.
O ſhame to Military men! ſhall thoſe,
Arm'd for their country, turn her greateſt foes?
Where all controll and none will be controll'd,
Nor fight like ſoldiers, but like women ſcold.

Of all that now the king's commiſſion bear,
Is there a ſeaman or a landman here,
Who on account of any private pique,
In broken meaſures his revenge can ſeek?

Faction be damn'd as ſoon--Of fiends the worſt,
Hatefull to God and man, of both accurſt.
May ne'er the laurels we expect to gain
From creſt-fal'n *France*, ſuch vile diſhonour ſtain.
That praiſe you claim, to others freely yield,
Who brave like danger in the bloody field;
What thanks to me or honour may accrue,
I'll ſhare with ev'ry honeſt tar--and you.

Thus his great heart the admiral explores;
Mean time the ſquadron, for *Columbian* ſhores,
Holds ſteady courſes thro' the trackleſs waſte,
To *Halifax*--where AMHERST, now embrac'd;
With numbers reinforc'd--Again they looſe,
Under his care *Cape-Breton* to reduce;
Of conduct unreproach'd, his men to ſpare
Cover'd from ambuſcade his flanks and rear;
Secur'd alike from raſhneſs as ſurprize,
At his approach the ſculking *Indian* flies;
Soon ineffectual found the ſavage yell,
No booty taken, not a ſcalp to ſell.

His

His other arm, the active brigadier,
Seeing the long-expected coaſt appear,
Deſtin'd with his diviſion firſt to land,
Now on the deck impatient takes his ſtand;
CANTURIA, duteous on her charge attends,
To whom a *Watcher* call'd *Terzilliel* ſends.
Haſte, tell CANTURIA WOLFE muſt be reſtrain'd,
And, till the proper time, on board detain'd;
Then bid the *Warrior Angel*, who commands
To *Maſſachuſetts bay*, the *New-found lands*,
Quitting his province to the next empowr'd,
With care to ſee the frontier duly ſcour'd;
Let him attend the ſiege, nor quit the place,
Till ev'ry baſtion to the ground we raze.

Speeds the angelic courier quick as thought,
To bold CANTURIA firſt the meſſage brought,
TERZILLIEL bids that WOLFE may be reſtrain'd.
And till the proper time on board detain'd.

The angel, then at *Maſſachuſetts bay*,
Accoſts--Great prince TERZILLIEL bids me ſay

Quitting

Quitting thy province, to the next empowr'd,
With care to ſee the frontier duly ſecur'd,
Do thou attend the ſiege; nor quit the place
Till every baſtion to the ground we raze.
Bowing he ceas'd—The other where he ſtood,
Swift angel, tell TERZILLIEL the good,
Whoſe ſoft'ring pow'r protects theſe diſtant lands
With pleaſure I fulfill his high commands,
Then bow'd—while that TERZILLIEL's ſtate rejoins
In mail of proof the *Warrior Angel* ſhines;
'Gainſt whom oppos'd FOUDRIOL ſhook his ſpear,
A gloomy ſpright, OMBRULIEL fix'd him here,
To guard *St. Laurence'* gulph with ſtricteſt charge,
When hungry *France*, her empire to enlarge,
Down to the *Miſſiſippi* drew a line,
Where'er ſhe pleas'd, and ſaid, let this be mine.
Yet monſtrous projects ſeldom quit the coſt,
The purchas'd pow'r is in the friction loſt;
When active *Pepperel* and WARREN fought,
With troops new-rais'd, and gunners all ſelf-taught;

That

That fortreſs to the brave *New-england* men,
Was ceded--But to *France* reſtor'd again,
She bids the engineers their utmoſt ſkill,
Exhauſt, on works now deem'd impregnable.

But what the baſtion, what the counterguard,
To troops for death or victory prepar'd?
Where gen'rals, and where admirals agree,
In nought, ſave valour, ſeek ſupremacy.
At anchor, while the *Britiſh* ſquadron lay,
From *Noir*, along th' extent of *Gab'rus Bay*,
The active chiefs advance to view the ſhore,
Guns menace their approach with ſullen roar;
Fearleſs to hand the tacks or caſt the lead,
The pilot ſtands expos'd; nor danger weigh'd
Aught to the ſervice ſo he may advance,
The common cauſe and be reveng'd on *France*.

A chain of poſts ſecures the landing place,
Where batt'ries and redoubts their glaſſes trace;
Irregulars extend below the *Cove*,
Troops with the town communicate above.

Left

Left of the *Cove* is fix'd, with joint conſent,
To land the ſoldiers--here leſs prominent
The ſhore, and weaker guarded, leaſt the ſwell;
Second to none in judgment, ſtout *Durell*,
Watches a time to urge the enterprize,
Seen now and ſeiz'd, all following his advice,
In three diviſions they atempt the coaſt,
Leaſt firing where they ſeek a landing moſt;
Wolfe on the left, among the foremoſt bands,
Notic'd by all, upon the gunnel ſtands,
Up to the waſte then plung'd into the wave;
Inſtant the boats the active ſoldiers leave,
Mindleſs of aught but how to get aſhore;
Guns from the beach and fleet alternate roar;
For *France St. Julien* yet his poſt maintain'd,
And many fall e'er yet the ſhore is gain'd:
The reſt ruſh on--ſo, fearleſs of his horns,
Keen on the game a well-pinch'd maſtiff turns.

What troops firſt form'd upon the beach appear?
Frequent in charge the *Britiſh* grenadier;

Light

Light infantry--theſe, choſen ev'ry man,
Sure of his object--Next the warrior clan,
Provincial rangers guard the flanks with care,
And grenadiers, laſt landed cloſe the rear.
They charge--*St. Julian*, from his faſtneſs beat,
Sees no reſource but quickly to retreat;
Thro' tangling ſhrubs purſu'd upon the rout,
Till ſhelter'd near the town, they face about:
This poſt ſecur'd, the center and the right
Haſte to the left--All land and paſs the night
In active patrole, to prevent ſurprize,
Nothing to ſhelter from inclement ſkies,
Which yet the troops with chearfullneſs ſuſtain,
Till tents and ſtores arrive, nor once complain.
Where now the beacon caſts a friendly light
To guide the ſeaman in his courſe by night,
Immortal WOLFE another poſt aſſails,
Wither'd their ſtrength, the *Man of Kent* prevails.
With troops and cannon reinforc'd by ſea,
The batt'ry ſeiz'd, he holds the foe at bay.

As when, on *Orkney* cliffs, the haunt of fowls,
Train'd by his dam, a gen'rous eaglet ſcowls,
Or ſcales the crag, by vultures late poſſeſt,
To build his airy where they us'd to neſt;
AMHERST the while BASTIDE and LAURENCE takes,
Surveys the ground and his approaches makes;
Marks out the camp, fit quarters for the ſtore
Aſſign'd--Redoubts the front and flanks ſecure;
The ground, with ſhrubs and under-wood perplex'd,
Then clears--To make a road propoſes next,
Faggotts on faggotts, pil'd with ſmall bruſh-wood,
Earth over all choke up the yielding mud.
Unwearied AMHERST, nought diverts his care,
Till what he has propos'd is brought to bear;
The ſoldiers father! nought he ſees propos'd,
In which their lives are wantonly expos'd.

With trenches open, now the fire begun,
Roars from the fleets, the batt'ries and the town;
Miſſive exchange of ſhell and ſolid ſhot;
Part ſhave the level turf, part glowing hot;

Cram'd

Cram'd with corroding mars and nitrous grain,
Some curve, o'er head, in many a fiery train,
Like ſpirits of the nethermoſt abyſs,
That belching fire and ſmoke alternate hiſs;
The *Prince of Darkneſs*, ev'ry gloomy ſpright,
Which, during life, in miſchief took delight
Hover, where thickeſt clouds of ſmoak aſcend;
Death lurks unſeen, his rigid bow to bend,
Where fate permits, delighted with the ſcent
Of carnage--Not a ſhaft in vain is ſpent:
But tho' they thus take place to urge the flight
Of human ſoul--Freſh parties, day and night,
Relieve the trenches--Where their comrades bleed,
Others march up, as waves to waves ſucceed.
Mean while BOSCAWEN, poſting at the *Cove*
Marines, the foe from his advantage drove;
Seamen he ſends to work the guns at land,
And boats into the harbour row full-mann'd,
Where, fearleſs, LAFOREY and BALFOUR led;
Balls whizzing to and fro, bombs over head;

The bold attempt with ſuch ſucceſs was crown'd,
One ſhip they took, burnt one that lay aground;
Devouring *Vulcan* preys on other three,
Down to the water, terrible to ſee!

Now, muſt'ring all their force by land and ſea,
To ſtorm the town the chiefs have fix'd a day;
And lo' BOSCAWEN, with his ample ſheet,
Op'ning the road leads on the *Britiſh* fleet;
France now deſponding on the baſtion low'rs;
Counfounded ſo, on *Babel's* half-rais'd tow'rs,
They ſtood, with falt'ring ſpeech and faces pale,
Who, in their arrogance, thought heav'n to ſcale;
Of ſuch a work what traces yet remain,
Perpetual haunt of animals unclean;
And ſhe ſhall quickly in the duſt debas'd,
See theſe once boaſted bulwarks lying waſte.

Now ineffectual found his boaſted fires
To guard *Quebec*, lo FOUDRIOL retires;
Nor longer oppoſition meditates,
And *Britiſh* troops poſſeſs the city gates;

Parley

Parley ſucceeds, the grateful pauſe of war;
While *France* ſubmits--What *Britiſh* ſubjects here,
Famiſh'd in dungeons had been long detain'd,
Soon in the open air refreſhment gain'd.

Loſt to his friends a youth among the reſt,
Enquires of thoſe who firſt the gate poſſeſt,
Who here commands? What officers of name
Direct the ſiege? An *Engliſhman* may claim
Such information; from my parents torn
Early, and worſe than death confinement born.
With ſtricken hand they greet him, and reply
See there BOSCAWEN, HARDY's pendants fly,
AMHERST in chief commands the ſoldiers here;
WOLFE, LAWRENCE next, BASTIDE chief engineer---
My father! he exclaims--nor more cou'd ſay,
But in a tide of tranſport faints away;
Nor leſs o'erjoy'd the father when he hears
Heav'n yet to prop his age, the ſtripling ſpares.

Now victor troops the vanquiſh'd foe diſarm,
To *Plymouth* ſent, where *Gallic* captives ſwarm,

By

By *Britiſh* generoſity maintain'd,
While *France*, of all her boaſted treaſure drain'd,
In penſions to the *Auſtrain*, *Ruſſian*, *Swede*,
Spends half her income, half her people's bread.

The trophies took are now at *Paul*'s expos'd;
With feaſt the day, with mirth the night is cloſ'd;
Illuminations mingle day with night,
Some praiſe the ſoldier's ardor in the fight;
Some praiſe the chiefs, and all the bold exploit.
Enfrancis'd 'prentices to bonefires hie,
The pop'lace treated, with tumultuous joy,
Now burn in effigy the plund'ring *Gaul*,
And children learn to liſp *Cape-Breton's* fall.
On manlier thoughts the *Britiſh Senate* bent,
BOSCAWEN, now returning, compliment;
Praiſe well-deſerved on other chiefs beſtow,
But caſt no mean reflection on the foe;
While patriot names the people idolize;
The produce of his labour each enjoys
Where trade, like vital blood puſh'd from the heart,

To

To the extremeties, keeps every part
Uſefull and active--*Commerce*, hence maintain'd,
In wealthy bankers ſees her ſprings undrain'd.
Patrons of verſe, the wond'rous ſource of trade
Explore--Whence ſuch extenſive fortunes made?
How from the counter, or by honeſt ſweat,
Merchants, like pillars, riſe to prop the ſtate?
In humble cotts, with ſurer aim to thrive,
Anxious to ſave, and cunning to contrive,
Beginning low that higher ſhe may riſe,
Commerce, at firſt the web and ſpindle plies;
Narrow her circumſtance, the more her care,
Sparing to ſpend--in ſpending yet to ſpare;
Soon as the lark his mattin-ſong begins,
She throws the ſhuttle and at even ſpins;
That weekly market, where her piece is ſold,
Furniſhes wool and flax, till growing bold,
She makes excurſions to ſome other town;
Her ſtock increas'd and more experienc'd grown,
At diſtant marts ſhe now puts off her wares,

Sells

Sells, barters, buys; to *London* then repairs;
The poor, with money and materials found,
Commands at laſt, a little circuit round.

To ſuch beginnings *Britain* owes th' increaſe
Of wealth, the nerve of war--the fruit of peace;
Where every county can it's ſtaple boaſt,
In trade, as rivers in the ocean loſt;
Where each, on the *Metropolis* depends;
Here all, as to its proper center, tends;
The markets, by her wealthy merchants ſwept,
And every wheel of trade in motion kept.
The bank of *Europe*, tho' perpetual drain'd
Her public funds, their credit ſtill maintain'd.
Hence ſhe tranſmits, to ev'ry diſtant ſhore,
On various tides, the manufactur'd ſtore;
No continent, incloſing deſarts waſte,
Nor diſtant iſlands, with the ſea embrac'd,
Where bold advent'rers hope to trade ſecure
Without her wares the *Indian* to allure.

Self-govern'd, under heav'n, and ſelf-upheld,

By

By law directed, not by force compell'd,
The *Britiſh* ſwain his liberty enjoys,
And ſees with pleaſure plenteous harveſts riſe;
Annual, while here the ſpade and coulter ſhines,
Let *Spain* her orange-groves, *France* boaſt her vines,
Holland the uſeful arts; *Rome* the polite;
The *Swiſs* and *Pruſſian* vet'rans train'd in fight;
Ruſſia her furs, by ſov'reign princes worn;
Britain in wool, in cattle and in corn
Unrival'd reigns, and ev'ry years increaſe
Exceeds the laſt--Whether her yeomen raiſe
Stock, for the knife and dairy; or to breed
The heavy horſe for draught, the light for ſpeed;
Whether the farmer ſeeks to meliorate
With marl the light, or ſummer-works for wheat,
The ſtiffer ſoils--whether the worn-out mold
He fallows, or with compoſt warms the cold;
The marſh he drains, unmanur'd ſince the flood,
Or burns the heath on acres yet unplough'd,

Won from the waſte, and various tillage try'd,
Till with good graſs he ſees the glebe ſupply'd;
Nothing eſcapes his notice, where the brook,
Through buſhy dells, a winding courſe has took,
Yearly he ſets, tall pollards yearly lops,
Theſe in the ſeaſon prop ſweet-ſmelling hops;
The red-ſtreak in his hedge-rows taught to riſe,
His burſting preſs with juicy muſt ſupplies;
Potent enough the falt'ring tongue to bind
At harveſt-home, what time the luſty hind
Drains the full bowl, and ruſtick ſongs prevail,
The quaint conundrum and the merry tale.

Patient of toil, the carefull huſbandman
Thus ſuits the tillage to his yearly plan;
Stretch his wide fields beneath inclement ſkies,
On northern heights, there hardy oats will riſe,
And ſtand the rigor of the keeneſt blaſt;
Black is the ſoil and bord'ring on the waſte,
Bending with full-charg'd ears what ſheaves of rye,
The mill, what barley ſhall the kiln ſupply,

Perpetual

Perpetual aid, from whence the ſtate may bear
This, or the burthen of a future war:
Nor fears the farmer where to ſend his fruits,
If plenty e'er the home-conſumption gluts;
However diſtant from the market caſt,
However in an inland county plac'd;
Veſſels of bulk, on artificial tides,
Frequent tranſport in their capacious ſides
Redundant *Ceres*, to the merchant ſold,
Enabled hence to pay, with ready gold,
Rack-rentage, rais'd with every year's increaſe;
Or heavier fines renew the falling leaſe;
With men of ſubſtance, yet, he ſpends and lives,
Saves ſomething yearly, and as lib'ral gives
To ſtock the farm, now taken for his ſon;
Or portion out his daughter, who has ſpun
Yarn, for her houſ-wife piece, and drawn it fine
Againſt the 'ſpouſal, when the ſwain ſhall join
His hand to hers; nor he the fair-ones truth
Once doubts; nor ſhe deceives the am'rous youth.

They plight their troth—and to his mother's houſe
He, not unwilling, leads the bluſhing ſpouſe,
Where, introduc'd to num'rous relatives,
Mutual endearment, each returns and gives,
Till now the houſe, receives them, newly ta'en;
The leaſe late purchas'd and the fair demeſne;
Here, like two oxen lab'ring in the plow,
Each bears the yoak and ſets a ſhoulder to:
She minds her dairy; he the glebe to turn,
Or caſt with meaſur'd ſtep the heavier corn,
For ſeed ſelected, from the threſhing-floor;
Nor vain his labour, when autumnal ſtore,
Shall crown his honeſt hopes with full-ear'd ſheaves;
Ungrudg'd the tenths he on the furrow leaves:
Divine and humane laws, which few conteſt,
Have given this the prieſt to bleſs the reſt;
Leſt, ſhould the pray'r at morn, and even ceaſe,
Nor once a week, the meſſenger of peace,
Publiſh glad tydings, haply from above,
The rain ſhould ceaſe, the earth ſhould ſteril prove.

Thus

Thus, crown'd with plenteous harveſts, year by year,
And cover'd with the ſea, her ſtrong barrier,
Britain, howe'er oppos'd by hoſtile pow'rs,
Knows but by hearſay, where the ſword devours.
Germanic plains, the while lie long unplough'd,
'Till famine now ſucceeds to fire and blood:
Where, by the ſavage *Gaul* whole diſtricts ſeiz'd,
Are yearly left a millitary waſte;
Again, deſpiſing treaties, goſpel, law,
They come--like hungry wolves the bones to gnaw.
Or where from *Muſcovy* barbarians pour'd,
The wife diſhonour'd, and the maid deflowr'd;
In vain the father, huſband, lover kneels,
Nought human in his breaſt the *Coſſack* feels,
'Till deſperate grown, revenge the peaſant cries,
Snatches a prong, then bravely fights and dies.
What hardſhips muſt the planter undergo!
While the *Columbian* war advances ſlow;
Where HOWE falls unreveng'd in foreign fields,
To force inferior ABERCROMBIE yields,

Too

Too cool or confident--In few we find
That equal ſtrength of body and of mind
Needfull, tho' PITT ſhou'd meditate the blow,
Where ſuch a ſubtile, ſuch a ſavage foe,
Well fortified, among the woods and lakes,
Of art and nature each advantage takes.

End of the fourth Book.

The

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

BRITAIN'S *resources in the* Militia---*Celebrated*--Townsend *prais'd as author of the present plan---He sails to serve at* Quebec *under* Wolfe---*Exordium on the year fifty nine---Commodore* Keppel *reduces* Goree---Watson *and* Clive *successful in the* East-Indies---*Story at* Calcutta---*Descent at* Guadaloupe---*Intrepidity of the* English *--The island reduc'd--Transition to the war in* America--*Expectation of success from* Amherst's *abilities --He marches to besiege* Ticonderago--French *desert it---Sends to reduce* Niagara--*Friendship of sir* William Johnson *and general* Prideaux--*Feud betwixt national and provincial Troops--Sir* William *accounts for it*--Braddock's *defeat and conduct censured*

ſured--Bravery of the preſent national troops--Character and cuſtoms of the Indians--*Method of fighting--Treatment of priſoners--*Indian *death-ſong--Deſcription of the torture--General obſervations on the ſituation and conduct of the* Indians. *Death of* Hendrick *and his followers--Defeat of* Dieſcau *by ſir* William--*Siege of* Niagara--*General* Prideaux *killed.* Niagara *reduced by ſir* William Johnſon--Crown Point *reduced by general* Amherſt--*Soldiers reſt--Importance of infantry*---Britiſh *infantry celebrated at* Minden--*Impatience of the horſe to engage--*Sackville's *panic providential--*Britain's *ſtrength at ſea--Attention to her marine--*Boſcawen *relates the engagement with* Janquiere--*He defeats* La Clue.

The

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK V.

AGAIN the ſcale in *Britain*'s favour turns,
And ev'ry breaſt with martial ardor burns;
France, but in vain, her laſt reſources tries;
While, in each *County*, new battalions riſe,
By patriot nobles and the gentry led;
Not mercenary, train'd to fight for bread;
But men of credit, wealth and probity,
Now deign to rank as common infantry,
Diſcipline ſtudious only to obſerve,
And ſhake off ſloth, which can the mind un-nerve.

Can life be ventur'd in a better cauſe
Than to ſupport thoſe long-eſtabliſh'd laws,
That well-wove ſyſtem *Britiſh* annals trace
From glorious ALFRED, to great GEORGE's days?
Henceforth, entire, as twiſted by the *Fates*,
Great Britain now ſhall boaſt her *Three Eſtates*;

Vainly employ'd *French* gold and politicks,
Rebellion's rage, or *Rome's* unhallow'd tricks.

There wanted but, while George the ſecond reign'd,
Such a *Militia* as we have obtain'd;
Now let the *Gaul* ſtrong embarkations boaſt;
What if her troops were landed on the coaſt
While adverſe gales Boscawen wind-bound kept,
And Hawke himſelf with all his thunder ſlept?
Theſe firm battalions, like a wall might ſtand,
To death diſputing ev'ry foot of land,
And, having all their ammunition ſpent,
A dreadfull front of bayonets preſent.

Townsend the want of ſuch a body ſaw;
Howe'er oppos'd the ſalutary law,
He toil'd inceſſant till the houſe it paſt;
Tho' rude at firſt, it took a form at laſt;
So, by his brother ſcoffingly oppos'd,
Romulus firſt with ſorry walls inclos'd
His infant ſtate--in time to overſpread
Seven hills, and peopled up to *Tyber*'s head.

Yet

Yet not to ſee it rais'd the gen'ral ſtays;
But, quitting pleaſure and inglorious eaſe,
Sails to *Quebec*, as ſingled out by fate,
Great in the purpoſe, in the iſſue great;
Worthy the laurels he is born to wear;
Of conduct unreproach'd, of honour clear.

Unweary'd time rolls on the circling ſpheres,
Th' important æra big with fate appears,
When *Britain*'s thunder, at a ſignal given,
Muſt roar, vindictive, like the wrath of heav'n,
Arm'd with the rage of ev'ry element,
On realms long ſpar'd, unmindful to repent.

And who, but he that firſt the lion rous'd,
Cou'd train him thus and ſee him timely loos'd?
Two-viſag'd *Janus* ſcarce his rout begun,
E'er nations, ſcorch'd beneath the ſouthern ſun,
Heroic KEPPEL, with his ſquadron ſee
Come like a whirlwind and reduce *Goree*;
Which, like a ſtrong curb, *Senegal* commands,
Firſt fruit of conqueſt reap'd by *Britiſh* bands;

Tho' fenc'd with rocks and tow'ring to the ſky,
Native munition flints and ſtones ſupply,
Fix'd on her walls the *Britiſh* colours fly.

Eaſt in the *Indian* ocean POCOCK beat,
Chaſing from port to port, the *Gallic* fleet:
And all thoſe petty ſovereigns, that rule
Under the ſhadow of the great *Mogul*,
Tremble when CLIVE has brought the *Nabob* down,
And to another gives the forfeit crown.

Calcutta repoſſeſs'd--The chiefs deſire
To ſee that den of ſuffocation dire;
Then to their guide, a ſuff'rer who ſurviv'd,
Say, by what circumſtances you contriv'd
To 'ſcape with life, the ſtench of ſuch a place;
With look emaciate, while the floor they pace,
He ſaid, and tears his cheek would often wet,
That fatal day I never ſhall forget,
When now the ſelfiſh governor withdrew,
And *Holwell* left on duty with a few;

The treaſure gone which here the *Nabob* ſought,
Enrag'd the *Moors*, for to the laſt we fought:
What more, than follow'd from barbarian rage,
Could we have ſuffer'd in this diſmal cage?

Some hope of life our ſpirits yet upheld,
Till into ſuch a little ſpace compell'd,
With lifted ſabres and preſented arms,
Fear ſoon of ſuffocation each alarms,
When breaking out into a copious ſweat,
All thronging at the windows ſtrive to get.

Whom thus the humane governor addreſt;
Your ſuff'rings are uncommon, 'tis confeſt;
Not now as your ſuperiour, but a friend,
Patience and temper let me recomend;
Self-preſervation this requires at leaſt,
To ſtruggle thus is but your ſtrength to waſte.

A while his counſel ſeem'd to charm deſpair,
We held our peace, reſolv'd the worſt to bear,
And for a ſeaſon decently behave;
Again relapſe--ſome pray, ſome howl and rave,

While

While all impatient for the windows ſtrive;
Where ſome, with wounds unlikely to ſurvive,
Cry out give place, we only wiſh to die,
Then fainting fall, where trampled on they lie.
All hats in motion kept the air to fan,
And frantick now to force the door we ran;
Within you ſee too ſurely it is barr'd,
Now, growing deſp'rate, we inſult the guard;
Nor yet their wiſh'd reſentment ſets us free;
To ſtrip us then we mutually agree;
And hence perceive a ſenſible relief:
During this interval, our worthy chief
Us'd with the guard his utmoſt conſequence,
And offer'd gifts if theſe might influence,
At leaſt to get us ſep'rately confin'd;
We pray'rs and tears and larger offers join'd.
In vain our ſuff'rings melt a humane *Moor*,
The order unrevers'd, but too ſecure
This den of horrors holds her deſtin'd prey;
Trampled on ev'ry ſide the dead now lay:

Death

Death--what is death to what we ſuffer'd here?
When, giving way to abſolute deſpair,
Grown frantick now with thirſt we burn, we fry;
And water, water, was the gen'ral cry!
Water in plenty, by the guard, is brought;
But few receiv'd ſo many for it fought,
Our thirſt the more increas'd, the more we caught.

To recollect the horrors of that night,
My blood runs chill--What names ſoever ſpight,
What curſes, when oppreſs'd, the poor invent,
Or damned ſouls, in helliſh durance pent,
We bellow'd forth --Again inſult the guard,
The *Nabob*, fav'rite, nor their prophet ſpar'd:
Barbarians! mocking while our ſtrength was ſpent!
Nor ſword, nor fire, a ling'ring death prevent.

Yet of the window HOLWELL was poſſeſt,
Where, all outrag'ous for the water preſt;
Down by his ſide, his friends ſunk, one by one,
Firſt ſquees'd to death and after trod upon:

He

He begs but to retire and die in peace;
We yield, all eager to enjoy his place;
To me it fell, then hap'ning to be near,
Such preſſure 'twas not poſſible to bear.
Nor long e'er to the middle I retreat,
To wait with patience my approaching fate;
It cannot be--- diſtracted with the cry
Of water and the groans of them that die.
Feeble among the reſt poor HOLWELL's voice
I thus diſtinguiſh'd--" While the coward flies
" How brave men ſuffer, yet the thunder ſleeps!
" I'll fathom theſe unfathomable deeps---
Then took a knife to haſten on his fate,
Yet thus, while *Reaſon* reaſſum'd her ſeat;
" Can ſoldiers in a breach the foe reſiſt,
" Nor ſhrink till they with honour are diſmiſs'd?
" So much the more on duty let us ſtay,
" In life, till God and nature call away."
He ſaid, and now more ſatisfy'd in mind,
To bear the worſt ſeems perfectly reſign'd;

But

But many now the dead, the living few,
Yet hoping life, my efforts I renew,
With greater eaſe my former ſtation gain'd,
I kept while thought her faculty retain'd;
What paſt till morn I faintly recollect,
Thirſt and the putrid air had ſuch effect.
When day appear'd the governor was ſought,
Among the dead, and to the window brought;
Some hopes of his recov'ry we perceive,
And inſtant notice to the *Nabob* give,
Who ſent immediate orders to releaſe,
What few ſurviv'd the horrors of this place;
Where, upward of a hundred ſouls expire,
Raging with thirſt and ſuffocation dire.

At ſuch a tale of complicate diſtreſs,
Shall not the tear humanity confeſs?
They wept--nor *Vengeance* lingers to requite
The tragedy of that unhappy night:
He, who refus'd that mercy others crav'd
Is now of empire and of life bereav'd!

The *Britiſh* name in eſtimation grows,
Lib'ral to friends, but terrible to foes,
While *Lally*'s ſoul prophetick ſeems to wait
The fall of *Pondicherry*, ripe in fate;
Which, after many toils by ſea and land,
Bold COOTE and STEPHEN's fortunes ſhall demand.

Nor leſs intent to cruſh the *Gallic* pow'r,
Weſtward, redoubted BARRINGTON and MOORE:
They land at *Guadaloupe*--the conteſt long;
The ſoldiers, tho' oppos'd by batt'ries ſtrong,
March fearleſs on, where CRUMP and CLAV'RING led,
Rivers to croſs, no cov'ring over head;
With no reſource but native courage left,
Sometimes the ſoldier faints, of ſtrength bereft;
When now, the proſpect of ſome citron grove,
Plantations, gardens, ſugar-works in-wove,
Sharpen, for ſpoil, the martial appetite,
Patient of toil and deſp'rate in exploit,
To face, in every form of ghaſtlineſs,
Grim war--Experienc'd BARLOW, with ſucceſs,

Winds

Winds round their flank and falls upon their rear,
Then *Rout* takes place, *Flight* follows wing'd with *Fear*;
More dreadful yet the *Britiſh* thunder roars,
As when a fire from ſtreet to ſtreet devours,
Fed with combuſtibles, and fann'd with winds;
His life in vain expos'd the fire-man finds,
With curious enginery to quench the thirſt
Of *Vulcan*, where all order is revers'd;
So theſe reſiſtance ineffectual found,
Heav'n fought for *Britain* and her quarrel own'd,
Rend'ring, for cruelty the *French* inflict,
Meaſure for meaſure, and with juſtice ſtrict.

So on themſelves let helliſh arts recoil,
And *Britain* long enjoy the *Gallic* ſpoil;
While *Victory* to AMHERST wings her way,
Cape-Breton, of *Saint-Laurence* deem'd the key,
His country only as a pledge receiv'd,
For *Canada's* reduction, ſoon atchiev'd:
And who like him to end theſe bloody wars?
Cool, circumſpect, he on occaſion dares

Whatever tempr'ate valour may adviſe,
'Gainſt partiſans accuſtom'd to ſurprize.
With toils unweary'd, having croſt the lakes
For action well prepar'd, the field he takes,
Threat'ning *Ticonderago* with his force;
As when a river, ſpreading in it's courſe,
Covers the flats, or when a bank gives way
And leaves free paſſage to the *Belgian* ſea;
Neptune at ſuch acquiſt his trident ſhakes,
And viſits one by one his kindred lakes:
Now while the tide their lowlands overflows,
In vain the boors ſuch ruin would oppoſe;
That *Hydra* of the lakes, confounded ſo,
When now at hand he meditates the blow.
Scarce he appears before the *French* retire
Precipitant, and ſet the fort on fire:
He takes poſſeſſion and the flame o'erpow'rs;
Adds new defences, and the old ſecures;
Advancing then the enterpriſing chief
Crown-point beſieges, hopeleſs of relief,

And to reduce ſtrong *Niagara* ſent
Both *Johnſons*, under gner'al PRIDEAUX went.
The active col'nel, and Sir WILLIAM bold,
Worthy among the firſt to be enrol'd!
None like the knight is form'd for enterprize,
To fight the *Indian*, or to civilize:
'Twixt him and PRIDEAUX ſuch a friendſhip grew,
That each to each imparted what he knew.
Ee'r yet their men the fortreſs can inveſt,
A ſigh indignant heaves the gen'ral's breaſt ---
What, ſaid Sir WILLIAM, by that ſigh is meant?
I grieve he ſaid, to think how faction rent
Brave troops, which, were it not for curſed feud,
Had long e'er this a coward foe ſubdu'd.
So you may think, the other chief replies,
But only by experience men grow wiſe:
Brave gen'ral BRADDOCK -- peace be to his ſhade!
Engaging with the foe in ambuſcade,
Was ſure to periſh --- raſh and unadvis'd;
Hence the provincials regulars deſpis'd;

Like

Like dogs they ſaw the ſoldiery abus'd:
More worthleſs grown, as more unmanly us'd.
Such was the firſt idea we conceiv'd
Of regulars---you know how they behav'd:
Who, after this, expected troops ſhould come,
Whoſe bold exploits have ſtruck e'en *Envy* dumb?
But now, their haunts, and way of fighting known,
Leſs formidable are the *Indians* grown;
In ſtudying theſe, you finiſh half the war---
Your knowledge, as your friendſhip, let me ſhare,
The chief replies---and juſt an abſtract give,
In peace and war their cuſtoms---how they live.

In theſe, Sir WILLIAM ſaid we plainly ſee
Striking examples of a people free;
Grave, ſullen, cunning, treacherous, unappeas'd;
Retaining cuſtoms not to be eraz'd;
Practis'd from youth their tempers to command;
All in obſervance to their head-men ſtand;
Of habit, and example, ſuch the force,
To puniſhments they ſeldom have recourſe;

Theſe

Theſe wou'd that freedom of the mind deſtroy,
The *Indians* ſo peculiarly enjoy.
Straight-limb'd and tall, of features regular,
Beardleſs, of aſpect fierce, with long black hair;
Tho' ſtrong in mind and body, to ſurprize
At ſudden efforts, labour they deſpiſe;
Chiefly employ'd in hunting and in war;
Their women all the drudgery us'd to bear,
They ſow and reap; whene'er the harveſt fails,
Or any great calamity prevails,
All things to ſhare in common they agree;
Their chiefs the diſtribution overſee.
Theſe ſlow in ſpeech, and in deportment grave,
None with more weight in publick can behave:
Age and experience chiefly notic'd here,
Each ſpeaks in turn, the reſt obſervant hear.
Matters of any publick conſequence,
Feaſts, ſongs, and warlike dances, muſt commence;
With other tribes they now proceed to treat:
Both ſides have ſpeakers dext'rous in debate,

Strong

Strong terms they uſe, of meaning indirect,
And nought without a preſent takes effect.
Only to gifts and publick feaſts like theſe,
Once kindled, their reſentment will give place;
Reſentment carry'd to a pitch ſo ſtrange,
An *Indian*'s darling paſſion is revenge!
Which all with art can cunningly conceal,
'Till on their foes they unaware may ſteal;
Hid their intent with policy profound,
To friendly tribes they ſend the hatchet round;
Confed'rate now and ready for the blow,
Inſtant upon the fire the kettles go,
To ſeethe unclean dogs fleſh, a ſavage feaſt!
The warrior youth conven'd--to every gueſt
Their chief commander ſees a portion ſhar'd;
With ſtreaks of charcoal and vermillion ſmear'd,
Frightfull their countenances to behold!
Then ſongs to demons, in hoarſe meaſure troll'd,
Prelude the war-dance---actions of their tribe,
With ſcalps in battle took, the ſongs deſcribe;

Sudden

Sudden they riſe, and join'd in frantick dance
With women, to the border thus advance.
Silence enſues--for action they prepare,
Uncommon hardſhips to inflict, or bear;
Vaſt lakes to traverſe, marching day and night,
Thick woods explor'd; nor fire, nor candle light,
Leſt they ſhou'd be detected by the ſmoak;
Their footſteps cover'd, each precaution took,
To keep their rout a ſecret---Ambuſcade
Their chief reſource---of open fight afraid.
Cover'd with leaves, in ſilence ſquatting down,
Like wither'd leaves their bodies painted brown,
Seeing the enemy at once they riſe,
Take aim and give their fire, with horrid cries,
Then each behind a tree for ſhelter flies:
Hence, popping ſhots are mutually exchang'd,
To order and the tug of war eſtrang'd;
On whether ſide inclin'd th' advantage ſeems,
Theſe ruſh promiſc'ous, with repeated ſcreams,

Darting from tomahawks deſtructive blows;
Mindleſs alike to rally or oppoſe,
The vanquiſh'd fly---The wounded and the ſlain
Scalp'd by the victors---Thoſe in battle ta'en,
Unmercifully beat from town to town,
And hoarſe with oft repeated death-ſongs grown,
For yet more barb'rous treatment are prepar'd,
Among the friends of the deceaſed ſhar'd,
Loving, or hating, in extremes alike!
Theſe cheriſh'd, if a look or features ſtrike,
Take the dead warrior ſon, or huſband's name;
Rejected, none the victim can reclaim;
He knows yet ſeems regardleſs of his lot,
In torments ſinging thus with raven note--
" Fearleſs and firm---the torture I deſpiſe;
" Try me with all the pangs you can deviſe;
" Fears to weak women only appertain:
" Death I have learnt to ſlight, and mock at pain;
" What, to a man whoſe ſpirit yet ſurvives,
" Is death? Let looſe the children and your wives,

Their

" Their utmoſt ſhall be borne, without a groan,
" They cannot ſhake the mind--my mind's my own:
" Feaſt on my body--O'tis delicate!
" The fleſh of your ſlain warriors I have eat;
" I've ſuck'd their blood; in battle overthrown,
" The ſcalps yet green, among my brethren ſhown;
" Rage choak you--O--I wiſh we had you there!
" Theſe hands ſhou'd twiſt, theſe teeth your entrails tear!
Thus he--while they, thro' ev'ry vein and pore,
With curious arts the ſeat of pain explore;
Wherever, branching to the parts extreme,
Nerves interwove with nerves, as net-work ſeem,
Women and children tear, and twiſt, and bite,
To glut of rage the ſavage appetite:
He talks and ſings the while---but not a groan
Eſcapes--Compos'd, their head-men, looking on,
Direct the torture, with eſpecial care,
Long as they can, the vital parts to ſpare;
Now ſtupid grown, that time the warriors catch,
With tomahawks, the victim to diſpatch;

Then broil the fleſh with cannibal intent;
Part eaten, part to kindred tribes is ſent.
Such is the foe with whom we are engag'd
In war---a war unprofitably wag'd,
So long as they to *France* can have recourſe;
France humbled once, we leave 'em no reſource.
Mindleſs to till and cultivate the land;
Few neceſſaries hence they can command,
And muſt, as their neceſſities encreaſe,
Come to the *Colonies* and ſue for peace;
And well on *Indian* faith we may depend
A ſavage enemy, or ſteady friend:
Suppoſe, the *Engliſh* wickedly traduc'd,
Some of their friendly tribes have been ſeduc'd,
What courſe ſhould people ſo dependant take?
Seeing the *French* poſſeſt of ev'ry lake;
On our acknowleg'd territory rais'd,
Forts where they would, and planting where they
Treaties obſerving, tho' by nature wild, [pleas'd.
With eaſe to *Britiſh* intereſts reconcil'd,

Their

Their force might be on thoſe invaders turn'd,
Who have the ſacred faith of treaties ſpurn'd.
BRADDOCK's contempt their hearts cou'd not eſtrange,
Tho' ſcorn'd their good advice, they vow'd revenge,
Which well old HENDRICK and his faithfull train
Accompliſh'd---in the fight with DIESKAU ſlain.
Much honour there ſir WILLIAM JOHNSON gain'd,
Who firſt the force of *Canada* ſuſtain'd---
PRIDEAUX reply'd, nor think I flatter here,
Requeſting the particulars to hear.

Sir WILLIAM then--The carrying place we ſeiz'd,
And marching with provincial troops new rais'd,
Againſt *Crown-Point* our chiefeſt ſtrength we bent:
DIESKAU, by ſcouts inform'd of our intent,
The force of *Canada* together drew,
Of this aſſur'd, with care the ground I view,
And round the camp in haſte a breaſt-work made,
Trees fell'd in front compleat the barricade;
To BLANCHARD, with a ſlender force detach'd,
Notice of their approach I now diſpatch'd,

And

And ſent a thouſand men to his ſupport;
To check their march he made a bold effort,
But kept retreating e'er too cloſe engag'd,
The fight with numbers ſo unequal wag'd;
Brave HENDRICK in our quarrel there expir'd,
With forty *Indians*, while the troops retir'd,
Round them the ſlain, with many a ghaſtly wound
From tomahawks, beſtrow'd th' enſanguin'd ground.

As nearer now the fire and heavier grew,
We to the breaſt-work heavy cannon drew;
And while the camp our ſcatter'd parties join,
In ſight the foe now halts to form his line;
Compos'd of regulars their center ſeems,
Diſpers'd on either flank, with horrid ſcreams
The *Indians* charge alternate and retire,
Squat while they load---then riſe and give their fire;
With theſe *Canadians*, marksmen all eſteem'd,
Chew'd balls they ſhot, in war unlawful deem'd.

Mean while with reſolution marching on
A grand attack their regulars begun;

But

But ſoon the cannon under captain EYRE
Well pointed, thins their ranks from front to rear;
Large intervals ſhow where the ſhot takes place;
Troops either way incline and fill the ſpace;
Too much extended now their line appears,
And faint the fire, yet DIESKAU perſeveres,
A brave commander tho' unfortunate!
Now hoping on our right to penetrate,
With forces rally'd, he in perſon leads,
Two dang'rous wounds receiv'd, nor yet ſucceeds;
Firſt of the flying foe a pris'ner took,
For now on ev'ry ſide, the trench forſook,
Our people form'd and beat 'em in the field;
Three hours the chaſe and bloody ſlaughter held.
The ſoldiers yet an incident relate
Of *Indian* valour, e'er the foes retreat,
Worthy to vie with that of *Rome*, or *Greece*:
A planter in the action burſt his piece
Juſt as their column fought the camp to force,
And native courage ſeem'd our laſt reſource--

What

What ſhall I do without a piece he cries?
Take mine the *Indian* gallantly replies—
Nor heſitates but down the firelock flings,
And in an inſtant o'er the breaſt-work ſprings,
A french-man then diſarm'd and ſhot him dead;
As quick retreating leapt the barricade,
Then in the front reſum'd his former place,
The fire renew'd---and with the firſt to chaſe.

A wound, which now confind me to my tent,
Was ſcarcely dreſs'd--e'er DIESKAU they preſent,
Fainting with loſs of blood in the retreat;
With ſoothing ſpeech his grief I mitigate,
Guarded, while ſurgeons miniſter relief,
From *Indians*, vowing to revenge their chief.

While thus the bold *Hibernian* entertain'd
PRIDEAUX, both officers and men ſuſtain'd,
Uncommon dangers in the open field,
The fort now ſummon'd yet refus'd to yield;
To work they fall, and, favour'd with the dark,
Parallel lines to the defences mark,

Some

Some dig the trench, with axes others clear
The ground from trees and ſhrubs, in front and rear;
Others the new-fall'n wood in faggots bind,
To raiſe their batt'ries, theſe in order join'd,
Are ram'd with earth the force of balls to break,
With many a logg and many a well-drove ſtake.
Thus with their works the fortreſs they inveſt,
Nearer aproaching, nearer while they preſt,
Chief in command the active *Brigadier*
Travers'd the trench, nor thought of danger near,
Kill'd when his back is turn'd the fort to view;
The random ſhot an *Engliſh* gunner threw;
Loſt to his kindred, AMHERST, and the ſtate,
Whence aprehended leaſt the ſtroke of fate,
He falls---No circumſpection life ſecures,
Where *Death* ſets open his unnumber'd doors.
Alike the friend, the general, and the man,
Sir WILLIAM mourns and proſecutes his plan;
The *French*, now ſtraiten'd, muſt ſubmit of courſe,
Without freſh men their numbers to re'nforce;

Theſe, drawn from diſtant poſts and now at hand,
The bold *Hibernian*, now in chief command,
Attacks and beats--At laſt, reduc'd to treat,
To him proud *Niagara* yields her gate.
Victorious AMHERST too *Crown-point* poſſeſt;
Then quits the field and gives the ſoldiers reſt,
Weary with ſieges, watching and fatigue,
And making roads o'er marſhes many a league.
Familiariz'd to ſuffer heat and cold!
The *Britiſh ſoldiers*, not to be controll'd,
In either *Hemiſphere* freſh laurels reap--
Patient of hunger--*Death* in ev'ry ſhape
And all the forms of danger, they deſpis'd!
Till *Gallic* pride at *Minden* was chaſtiz'd;
There BECKWITH's corps a conſtant fire maintain'd,
And ſtood like men immortal WOLFE had train'd--
Heav'n interpos'd--when now the horſe prepare
In one effectual charge the field to clear!
And SACKVILLE, with a ſudden pannic ſeiz'd,
His antient ſtock and noble friends diſgrac'd!

Check'd

Check'd on the ſpur great GRANBY ſcarce retain'd
The riſing choller--yet his ſteed ſtood rein'd!
Leſt *Britain*'s views ſhould here be chiefly bent,
Dazzled with triumphs on the *Continent*;
While that immediate point of view is loſt
Which may the *Gallic* pow'r diſable moſt.

To cramp their trade, their navy to deſtroy--
For this our blood and treaſure we employ
The *Patriot* ſaid--let *France Weſtphalia* ſeize,
'Tis ours to keep poſſeſſion of the ſeas;
Vainly ſhe ſtudies to give *Europe* law
While we can thus her fleets and convoys awe,
Shall not our triumphs more than quit the coſt?
Should ſhe prevail and *Hanover* be loſt,
What time her ſoldiers, with unchriſtian hate,
Advancing plunder--Ravaging retreat;
Not leſs in ev'ry place than locuſts fear'd!
Shall this by *German ſtates* be tamely heard?
And ſhall not we our proper int'reſt weigh,
To keep our gold;-- and puſh the war by ſea,

Till all her *Settlements* repay the theft;
Nor in her ports a ſhip of force is left?
His look and action ſtrengthen what he ſaid:
When lo! diſpatches, from *Cape Lagos* ſped,
Confirm his words in DE LA CLUE's defeat;
A tedious cruize off *Toulon*, up the *Strait*,
The *Britiſh* tars ſuſtain'd, with ſmother'd rage,
But moſt BOSCAWEN, eager to engage,
And often, while in view, his colours fly,
Inſults their ſtrength, yet ſafe in port they lie,
Brav'd in the road till, where the capes project,
The ſeaman finds his forward ſpirit check'd;
Here as they ſculk infernal batt'ries roar,
In each direction, from the crooked ſhore,
With hail of iron ſhot, or miſſive burſt:
Thus ſcreen'd, as foxes by the houſwife curſt,
What time they nightly ramble on the prowl,
She miſſes one by one her barn-door fowl;
Or ſometimes on her ſtubble-geeſe they ſeize,
To kennel then, in vain the terrier bays.

Now

Now drawing off, light frigates on the ſcout
BOSCAWEN left to watch their coming out;
Then at *Gibralter-bay* forgets his cares,
Where o'er the ſocial bowl the jovial tars
Hold friendly conference, and joint repaſt:
He with the chief regal'd--of actions paſt,
Eas'd his great heart, requeſted to relate
JANQUIER's diſgrace, and HOQUART's cruel fate,
Thrice pris'ner, firſt in the *Medea* took,
To the *Namur*, cloſe fighting, next he ſtruck;
I fought her then, the hardy vet'ran ſaid,
Foremoſt in chaſe, the firſt that fir'd a-head;
Lord ANSON's orders were no time to loſe,
But, as each ſhip came up, to lay em cloſe;
DENNIS and great-ſoul'd GRENVILLE, fearing nought,
My ſeconds, three to five the *French* we fought;
One now diſabled, four upon me clos'd---
Then I had ſunk--but GRENVILLE interpos'd;
Theſe ſhips, in part diſabled, to the reſt,
Now coming up, we left and forward preſs'd.

With

With the *French* admiral near at piſtol ſhot,
I next engag'd, and then the *Dimant* got
Athwart to rake me, HOQUART there retriev'd
His character and miracles atchiev'd!
Yet both ſhips ſtruck, with ſhot tore thro' and thro';
HOQUART, the laſt that yields, I quickly knew,
A perfect ſlaughter-houſe his decks and poop,
Ee'r he conſents to give the *Dimant* up,
And when ſhe heel'd her breaches drunk the ſea,
My veſſel too will ſcarce the helm obey;
Three ſhot went thro' her foremaſt, five her main,
Her mizen one, main-yard ſtruck, carried clean
Another, all her ſails and rigging tore;
A wound too in the ſhoulder pains me ſore,
However glad to ſee the rout compleat:
Each ſhip of *France* that fac'd we fairly beat.

This ruin'd them by ſea; for, till the peace,
Their navy never durſt the *Engliſh* face;
France then reſolv'd to ſtrengthen her marine:
Nor able longer her deſigns to ſcreen,

Off

Off *Louiſbourgh* the *Lys* and the *Alcide*
Due honours to the *Britiſh* flag deny'd;
But HOWE bore down their folly to chaſtize;
Both ſtruck-- and HOQUART now a pris'ner thrice.
While thus the adm'ral proſecutes his tale,
LA CLUE had weigh'd, and, getting under ſail,
To 'ſcape the *Britiſh* ſquadron meditates;
To join DE CONFLANS yet attempts the *Straits.*
Darkneſs o'er all the deep her mantle threw,
Till radient *Heſper* hung his lamp in view
Orient, and muſter'd all the ſtarry hoſt;
The wary *Frenchman* to the *Barb'ry* coaſt
Stood tacking frequent--- fear of being ſeen
Alarms him now, when heaven's reſplendent queen
Opens, in clouded ſtate, her lucid eye,
And *Ocean* too reflects another ſky
Thick ſown with ſtars; illuſive ſhadows play
On ev'ry wave, and, as they die away,
Preſent, in diſtant view, the *Britiſh* fleet,
Where ſea and ſky in proſpect ſeem to meet!

Fear

Fear urges *Fancy* to obſerve the courſe
Of ev'ry ſhip, their numbers, names and force;
Till all the cloudy ſcene appears a cheat:
Night wore away, while thus they paſt the *Strait.*

When grey-ey'd *Morn* above the ocean peer'd
The *Gallic* ſquadron half the *Bay* had clear'd;
All day a doubtful courſe they ſeem to ſhape;
Studious, in vain, BOSCAWEN to eſcape;
At eve deſcry'd off *Ceuta*, where they lay,
The *Britiſh* ſquadron weighs and puts to ſea:
Nightly the chaſe held dubious, but when *Dawn*
Had in the diſtant eaſt her curtain drawn,
Lo! where again the frigate's ſignals flew—
Seven ſhips of force ſhe told, with theſe LA CLUE;
Seven parted during night, for theſe he waits:
Thus anxious, to the windward while he beats,
Aurora, waking from her ſoft repoſe,
The curious gates of heav'n wide open throws,
Lightly they move on either golden hinge;
More ruddy now the clouds began to tinge;

Forth

Forth went the *Hours*, and o'er the ocean brim
The Sun, juſt riſen, ſhew'd his upper limb;
He, now half ſeen along the liquid plain,
And now full-orb'd, *Heav'n*'s altitude to gain,
Th' *Ecliptic* ſcales--when lo the *Britiſh* fleet!
Inſtant the *Gaul* let go his late furl'd ſheet;
Signal of flight--nor ſo ordain'd to 'ſcape,
Eager the harveſt of their toils to reap,
The *Engliſh* captains to the buxome gales
Stretch in purſuit, and, crowding all their ſails,
Auxilliar canvas bend to ev'ry yard,
Strain the ſtiff tackle, nor the maſts regard;
So o'er their floating manes the riders bend,
When match'd from famous ſtudds fleet horſe contend,
Or when in view the high-bred hunter leads,
Sometimes abreaſt, now each in turn precedes,
Eager to reach the yet unmeaſur'd plain,
With headlong ſweep, impatient of the rein.
Nearer and nearer made, for fight LA CLUE
Prepares, and now in line of battle drew;

Nor other chance appears their ſhips to ſave;
Then charg'd--His officers and men behave
With courage worthy of the *Britiſh* rage,
And worthy equal numbers to engage:
Like a true tar the *Gaul* BOSCAWEN greets,
Each gives his broadſide, each the fire repeats;
But fortune frowning on the *Britiſh* chief,
His ſeconds haſten down to his relief;
Now to the *Newark* he the flag remov'd,
LA CLUE ſpreads all his canvas and improv'd,
The lucky incident to ſcape by flight,
Land lying near, and favour'd with the night:
But early *Dawn* renews the ſullen roar
Of cannon, where from *Lagos'* rocky ſhore,
To *Vincent's* headland frequent burſts reſound!
The chief eſcap'd, ſore ſhatter'd with a wound.
Two ſhips upon the rocks, by him forſook
The *Engliſh* burnt, and other three they took.

End of the fifth Book.

The

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION to the Genius of England--*Voyage up St.* Laurence---*Fleet before* Quebeck---*Operations commenc'd*---French King *alarmed*---Ombruliel *counſels him to invade* England--*Preparations for an invaſion*---*Operation of the ſiege reſumed*---French *attempt to burn the* Engliſh *fleet*--*Prevented*---Wolfe *retaliates*--*His embarraſments*--*Attacks the* French--*Checked*--*Scalping deſcribed*--*Story of two officers*--*Troops reimbark*--Wolfe *ſick*--*Conſultation with his phyſician*--*Reſolves to devote himſelf*--*Troops land ſucceſsfull*--*Battle before* Quebec--Wolfe *and* Monkton *wounded*--French *routed.*

The British Lion *Rous'd*;

BOOK VI.

DEEDS more important ſwell th' adven'trous ſong;
Genius of England, as I wind along
St. Laurence' river, and the gulph profound,
With okaen wreaths my glowing temples bound,
Conduct me ſafe and ſee me back convey'd:
Not *Indians*, when they ſpring from ambuſcade,
Hollowing, to ſlip the ſavage dogs of war;
Nor ſeas unvoyag'd, near the polar ſtar;
Nor regions parch'd beneath the torrid *Zone*;
Lakes yet untravers'd; countries yet unknown;
From his fix'd purpoſe turn the *Briton* bold,
With thee, at hand, to cheriſh and uphold.

Bold Wolfe and Saunders, with the *Britiſh* force,
Had now *St. Laurence* made; a winding courſe,
From *Trois-Riviers*, he to the ocean takes;
And feeds from num'rous rivulets and lakes

His

His copious urn; far diſtant as the eye
Can objects hold, two pointed rocks they ſpy,
White o'er with dung, perpetual haunt of fowls;
Check'd here the foaming ſurge inceſſant howls.
Higher *Cape-Roſiers*, ſtretching from the ſouth,
Forms with the farther ſhore the river's mouth.
They paſt the bay of *Gaſpe*, and now explor'd
A ridge of rocks, time and the flood have bor'd
Free paſſage thro', and pervious to the wave:
This wonder paſt, another they perceive,
'Twixt *Bonaventure* iſle and *Miſcam* lies
A copious ſpring, from which freſh waters riſe
Bubbling above the ſalt: To ſtem the flood
While thus the ſquadron up the river ſtood,
They *Anticoſta's* barren iſland gain,
On either hand the ſhore diſcover'd plain;
And ſound with caution by the pilot bid,
Leſt rocks and ſhoals, beneath the ſurface hid,
Obſtruct their courſe; all, to his merit juſt,
Commend his care, and to his conduct truſt.

From

From *Tadouſec* to *Coudres* next they wind,
A mountain from the continent disjoin'd,
By former earthquakes in the river caſt,
Makes here the channel dang'rous to be paſt.
The rapids ſtem'd, and now *Cape Torment* clear'd,
The fertile ſhores of *Orleans* appear'd;
Each way the land obtains a gentle riſe,
Which more and more atracts the wond'ring eyes;
Woods, lawns and verdant ſlopes, a rural view!
Here fruit on prickly ſhrubs unplanted grew;
Ripe for the preſs hung there the gen'rous grape,
Herbs, pulſe and roots, and corn fields fit to reap:
With anchors dropt, forgetting all their toil,
The ſeamen traverſe this delightful iſle;
And now the ſhips with freſh proviſion ſtow,
From well-ſtock'd farms, deſerted by the foe.
But ſerious thoughts, however well they far'd,
Employ the troops, for action now prepar'd.

France hears, by ſwift conveyance croſs the waves,
Quebec endanger'd while her monarch raves;

Nor

Nor peace propoſing yet---his all he ſtakes;
As a mad bull, which thro' the fences breaks,
Gores paſſengers and tramples down the corn,
Againſt ſome knotty oak, with broken horn,
More furious waxing, yet the ſtroke repeats
Till from his front the other horn he beats;
So fares the monarch; vex'd in heart to find
His darling project ev'ry where disjoin'd,
Till not a link of that romantick chain,
Deſtin'd their late encroachments to maintain,
Subſiſts, and mem'ry broods on broken oaths;
Deſpair at laſt takes place, and life he loaths.

Whoſe conſcience, thus awoke, OMBRULIEL fears;
Glozing, in form as FLATEUR he appears;
FLATEUR, of that old JEZEBEL the ſpawn,
With caſuiſtry from rotten maxims drawn,
She long the ſeven-hill'd city has poſſeſt,
And, ſitting on the many-headed beaſt,
Holds forth a cup with fornications brew'd,
Enticing kings to her embraces lewd:

Loath'd

Loath'd mixture---Hence there often is procur'd
A mongrel race, by God and man abhor'd:
Upward of human ſhape, but farther down,
In many a ſcaly fold, a ſerpent prone,
Which foul excreſſence, each ſo well can hide,
By mortal eye it ſeldom is eſpy'd;
Daintily fed and free'd from worldly cares,
They learn by rote to mumble holy pray'rs,
And claim a right o'er human ſouls to watch;
Their ſtudy moſt the ear of Kings to catch.

FLATEUR he thinks he hears--When thus the fiend,
Take courage *Sire*; this pious war, maintain'd
Againſt the hereticks, reſpects the charge
Of holy church, her empire to enlarge;
Propitious grown the *Virgin* yet may ſmile,
And all your zeal reward, and all your toil,
Pow'rfull to arm for us angellick bands,
Where MICHAEL bowing at her footſtool ſtands:
So much the more, as you ſhall at her ſhrine,
High maſs proclaim, and vows with off'rings join;

And

And recollect, to carry on the war,
What means are left; all lawfull I aver,
What e'er concurs to give your counſels weight,
And once more humble that apoſtate ſtate,
Our miſſionaries might be well employ'd,
Diviſions to foment, and keep each ſide
In conſtant ferment; this perchance might ſhake
The miniſter--at leaſt his meaſures break;
No hope remains the warriour *Scot* to rouſe;
All meaſures broken with the *Stewart's Houſe*;
But what if an invaſion was propos'd?
Their ports are open, all their towns expos'd,
Their force abroad, their boaſted treaſure drain'd;
Land once ſucceſsfull and your point is gain'd:
Your troops might ravage all the iſland through,
Burn all their harveſts and their cattle hough.
Soon then you'll find thoſe grumbling *Iſlanders*,
However well-compos'd the ſtate appears,
Finding their manufactures at a ſtand,
Would each his loan from publick funds demand,

And like a rope of ſand no where cohere;
The project too it's own expence will bear.

He ſpake--The monarch pleas'd, approves his ſcheme;
Then orders gives in ev'ry port to frame
Boats of a new conſtruction, large and wide,
Swivels the gunnells bear on either ſide;
Two heavy cannon thunder in the prow;
Light water drawn, they either ſail, or row;
Already are the operations plann'd,
Batalions nam'd and gen'rals to command.

Then, to the ſtructure grand of *Notre-dame*;
High-maſs from lofty tow'rs the bells proclaim;
Gifts off'ring, at the *Virgin's* ſhrine he bows,
More promis'd if his cauſe ſhe will eſpouſe;
Monaſticks, ſwarming to the common hall,
Their ſwarthy bands from cloyſter'd leiſure call;
Theſe to the church in ſlow proceſſion come,
With various habits, barefoot, miter'd ſome;
The *Hoſt* is in proceſſion borne along,
With ſolemn litanies and anthem'd ſong;

The

The cleaving throng gives place, and all degrees
Devoutly, as it paſſes, bow their knees.
Nor at *Quebec* leſs ſuperſtitious *Gaul!*
On angels and their patron ſaints they call
For ſafety from the *Britons* vow'd revenge,
Where, ready now his ſhot to interchange,
WOLFE to the neareſt point of *Orleans*
Orders the ſoldiers, while the ſhips advance;
Point-Levi next bold MONKTON charg'd to ſeize,
Neareſt the town their batteries to raiſe;
Himſelf takes poſt, upon the farther ſhore,
Juſt where the falls of *Montmorenci* roar.
FOUDRIOL, from the eminence, eſpies
Where *Britain's* ſquadron in the baſon lies,
Seven fire-ſhips then diſpatch'd the fleet to burn;
The tide and wind both in their favour turn,
All prim'd and loos'd in full direction came,
Vomiting turbid ſmoak and bick'ring flame.
But SAUNDERS, of their purpoſe well aware,
Sent boats with grapples mann'd to row them clear;

Aſhore

Aſhore they hale them, ſo the chief requires
Where ineffectual burſt, th' impriſon'd fires.

Nor leſs prepar'd againſt incendious *France*,
HOLMES, order'd up the river to advance;
Fire-rafts ſlack-chain'd now looſing from the land
Stretch croſs the channel--many a flaming brand,
And many a murth'rous tube, firſt form'd in hell,
Ramm'd by the engineer with purpoſe fell;
But harmleſs theſe with loud exploſion roar,
Moor'd by the ſeamen to the diſtant ſhore.
WOLFE ſees 'em purpos'd thus the war to wage,
With ev'ry inſtance of *Barbarian* rage!
Incendious arts, unus'd by poliſh'd ſtates;
Now in return revenge he ruminates:
Then thus extends his voice, what troops are here
Who 'gainſt the *French* uncommon hatred bear?

The chief of thoſe who 'ſcap'd the fatal day
At *William Henry*'s fort ſtand up and ſay---
For our ſlain com'rades to the ſavage *Gaul*
We debtors ſtand, and now for vengeance call.

Go then ſaid WOLFE, thoſe fires retaliate,
And as their wrongs, let your revenge be great.
He ſpake, and inſtant, ev'ry way they turn,
With lighted brands and all the harveſt burn;
Where *Ceres* and *Pomona* heretofore
Nurtur'd their offspring, up the winding ſhore,
Where mew'd in well-ſtock'd granges cattle fed,
The flame devours, and ſtrength'ning as it ſpread,
Left all behind a deſart black and waſte!
As when *Veſuvius*, with convulſion ſeiz'd,
Which ev'ry way her ſulph'rous womb diſtends,
A ſtream of fire, and molten mettal ſends
In ruinous combuſtion to the ſea,
With fearfull roar ingulph'd--thus hollowing they!
For exultation, with reſentment fell,
And, ev'ry way, more fierce, the fires impell:
Active mean while the ſpirits of the ſlain,
To ſpur revenge, call up the bloody ſcene,
The tomahawk, and ſcalping-knife abhor'd,
And each his comrade by the *Savage* gor'd!

Ready

Ready his operations to commence,
The active gen'ral, now as in ſuſpence,
Heſitates---All along the northern ſhore
The foe entrench'd exceeds his muſter'd pow'r,
With works and batt'ries, from the city walls
Well furniſh'd, down to *Montmorenci* falls;
SAUNDERS by ſea, and MONCKTON from the land,
Can with their guns the lower town command;
The higher yet their ſtouteſt efforts braves,
Where, by their fire uncheck'd, FOUDRIOL raves;
Should WOLFE, the ruins climbing, fight his way?
Steep are the paſſes, narrowing to the ſea;
Strong lines defend them, batt'ries ev'ry where
Big with deſtruction yawn, tier over tier:
Mean while, a foe unvanquiſh'd may defeat
His weaken'd poſts, and cut off his retreat;
Theſe ſhou'd he fight, to which he moſt inclines,
Secure they ſeem to brave him from their lines;
Shoals all along to thwart a landing lie,
Where boats are with the ebbing tide left dry;

Nor

Nor can the pilot, freely urg'd to ſpeak,
Along the ſhore point out one friendly creek,
From whence the lighteſt frigate in the fleet,
Can bring her guns to favour a retreat.
But anxious for the ſervice and to ſpare
The armament committed to his care,
Not doubting but the men will by him ſtand,
However hazardous, he thinks to land.

With care the ſoundings try'd the coaſt they view;
Veſſels prepar'd, that little water drew,
Are run in ſhore, and order'd cloſe to moor;
Mean time the troops a ſmall redoubt ſecure;
This ſhould the *Gaul* endeavour to defend,
Perhaps, to action brought, he gains his end;
Or this declin'd, a lodgment he can make,
And of their poſture obſervations take.

The firſt that land make up to the redoubt;
Bold MONKTON theſe ſupports, while MURRAY ſtout,
And TOWNSEND paſt the rivulet above;
The good *Centurion* from their batt'ries drove

The

The *French* with well-plac'd ſhot--a bloody wreath
The ſoldier now had gain'd, for, big with death,
Portentous ſcowl'd the war on either ſide---
'Twas then CANTURIA, looking up, eſpy'd
That golden beam ſuſpended in the ſkies,
Whence Heaven the various chance of battle tries!
One end the *Britiſh* courage eſtimates;
WOLFE's conduct, valour when reduc'd to ſtraights,
With other chiefs that under him command;
Both ends a while in trepidation ſtand;
Borne down with numbers, ſituation, lines,
For *France* th' unerring ballance now inclines,
She ſaw indignant, and in hopes to ſpare
The *Britiſh* ſtrength, till better ſigns appear,
Thunders the charge---nor MONCKTON yet aſhore;
TOWNSEND far off and MURRAY with their power;
WOLFE ſees 'em, in diſorder ruſhing on,
Furious at firſt to charge, but check'd as ſoon,
Then calls them off, ſore mortified to find
His orders broke, ſo punctually enjoin'd.

What

What troops the charge were deſtin'd to ſuſtain
With looks caſt back, expreſſive of diſdain,
Slow moving, now their former poſts poſſeſt;
While, with a pannick on their minds impreſt,
Throng to the beach diſorder'd grenadiers,
Left in the field their wounded officers,
A prey to ſavages, who, running down,
Scalp, whom they find-- *France* unconcern'd looks on!
Where'er a ſoldier, taken in the toils,
Gives up, to glutt their rage, unmanly ſpoils,
Maim'd as he lies, unable to reſiſt,
Mercyleſs, in his hair one hand they twiſt;
Then from the forehead either way are trac'd
Inciſions, till the edges being rais'd
Juſt where God's image ſep'rates from the hair,
Down to the nape, with horrid cries they tear!
Crude air a mortal paſſage to the brain
Soon finds; the ſcalp'd are number'd with the ſlain!

Not far from each, of note, two ſoldiers lay,
PEYTON and OCHTERLONI, both that day

In joint command, their faith had interchang'd
To conquer glorioufly, or fall reveng'd;
Eſteem'd, as who beneath the gen'ral's eyes
Sought equal wreaths, by hardy enterprize;
Nor of the common ſoldier unbelov'd;
Their friendſhip own'd to all, by all approv'd,
Brave OCHTERLONI, with a wound receiv'd,
Refus'd to quit the field, however griev'd
His friend intreats, when now the rout took place;
The bold *Hibernian* yet perſiſts to face---
And PEYTON faithfull to the captain cleaves---
Till maim'd he falls, and looking round, perceives
Two *Indians* on the captain running down,
With both engag'd, and in the ſtruggle thrown;
Rais'd on his knee, a loaded piece he caught,
One *Indian* dropt, the other deſp'rate fought,
Whom OCHTERLONI with a ſtab diſpatch'd,
Juſt as the villain's ſcalping-knife had reach'd
The ſeat of life, his belly with the wound
Op'ning, pours all his entrails on the ground!

E'er

E'er yet the captain can his laſt expire,
That inſtant, running thro' the hoteſt fire,
A grenadier to bring him off propos'd---
Soldier, he ſaid, on me thy zeal is loſt,
For me the bayonet, or ſcalping knife
Were beſt, to end this miſerable life;
Brave as thou art---but haply PEYTON, there,
May yet ſurvive, and well reward thy care.
To PEYTON's reſcue ſwift the ſoldier ſprung,
And bore him off, the piece this ſhoulder ſlung,
While the lieutenant's head on that reclines,
Both wounded ſlight, e'er each his corps rejoins:
All quit the beach and to the camp return;
Gaul triumphs--Soldiers for their com'rades mourn.
Now higher up the river MURRAY lands;
Twelve hundred choſen men the chief commands,
To favour AMHERST, or with HOLMES to join,
To burn the *Gallic* fleet their chief deſign;
Shoals up the river well the ſhips protect;
Twice they attempt the ſhore without effect

The third ſucceeds, where active MURRAY burns
A magazine, and to the camp returns,
Full of the thought, that there the troops, by night,
May land with more ſucceſs, and MONTCALM fight.

WOLFE pines the while, with grief and ſickneſs
Care and fatigue, unintermitting borne, [worn
Conſume the ſpirits, and the nerves unſtring;
Life, as in doubtfull tenure, on the wing,
An uſeleſs burthen he but ſeems to trail;
Nor med'cines to relieve him aught avail:
Sometimes the love of life holds chiefeſt place,
While mem'ry recollects each tender trace,
And ev'ry ſofter ſentiment revives;
Yet his fond mother, his betroth'd, yet lives;
And youth is on his ſide, might he obtain
An interval of reſt, and truce from pain.

Right well, by what is paſt, he is aſſur'd
The ſervice will be chearfully endur'd;
The gen'rals too abilities poſſeſs,
Worthy to crown the ſervice with ſucceſs;

Thoughts

Thoughts courſing thoughts, freſh difficulties ſtart,
A place, by ſituation ſtrong, by art;
A foe, who wiſely on his ſtrength relies;
Shall he a few brave fellows ſacrifice?
Ah---ſhall his caution then his honour ſtain?
Baniſh the thought, the thought returns again,
As when vexatious gad-flies, on the wing,
In ſummer months, a gen'rous courſer ſting,
Vainly his tail, and floating mane he ſhakes,
Now to the water, now to covert makes,
Scours o'er the field, untouch'd the herbage lies,
The buzzing plague purſues where'er he flies.

Reſting in this, that counſel beſt can looſe
The tangling ſnares which *Danger* ever ſtrews,
To check the courſe of hardy enterprize;
The officers conven'd, he bids adviſe
What meaſures may the preſent juncture fit;
Perhaps they may on ſome expedient hit;
At leaſt he can their joint deciſion wait,
And now, in hopes the pain to mitigate,

He

He calls for the phyſician, none eſteem'd
More humane with his ſkill, more ſkillfull deem'd.
To whom the gen'ral, is there yet untry'd
Aught, if more nauſeous, howſoe'er apply'd,
Whence I might hope an interval of eaſe?
Something invent which may the ſpirits raiſe,
Till I get through this moſt perplex'd affair,
See *England* once and lay my relicks there.
To whom the doctor, yet in all my days
Like yours I have not ſeen another caſe;
How can the force of med'cine operate?
When ſpurning life, in ſuch a languid ſtate,
Your'e ev'ry where expos'd, on board, aſhore;
And notwithſtanding reſt to you were more
Than that ſame *Panacea* ſov'reign held!
Nature, as with a ſpur, muſt be compell'd
To conſtant duty, toiling day and night,
Till jaded out, ſhe ſinks beneath the weight.
On this occaſion reſt is ill propos'd,
WOLFE ſaid, my thoughts, at preſent, all ingroſs'd—

Not

Not love of life, or limb, or any care
My ſelf reſpecting, moves me ſo much here,
As the unfiniſh'd taſk---My country calls!
Her flag unplanted yet on yonder walls---
And reaſon good, for better ſoldiers ne'er,
Tho' lately check'd, can follow officer;
And ſhall a ſhatter'd carcaſs, ſuch as mine,
Hang only as a clogg on our deſign?
But ſhould I reſt a day or two; paſt doubt,
Your ſkill might patch me up-How long? Speakout.

Eight or ten days fit medicines might give,
Freſh ſpirits--You, no doubt, ſo long may live;
But all the while life's wheels are hurrying down--
WOLFE ſaid, no matter, ſo we take the town;
What yet remains ſhall thriftily be ſpent,
And *France* her loſs in tears of blood lament.

While thus he ſpake, ſtern grew the *Heroe's* look,
And tow'rd the town his arm defiance ſhook;
Keen in his eye the martial ſpirit blaz'd;
The doctor with ſuch virtue ſtood amaz'd!

Preſcribes

Preſcribes him then a ſoporific draught,
To lull the ſpirits, now, as wrap'd in thought,
Ponders the caſe, what ſimples may effect,
Or potent druggs---himſelf will theſe inſpect.
Knowing, ſhould aught in weight or goodneſs fail,
The beſt perſcriptions little can avail;
Two ends the ſov'reign mixture ſhould obtain,
Freſh ſtrength infuſe, and blunt the edge of pain.
An interval of eaſe and quiet ſleep
Succeeds--- The chiefs, in conſultation deep,
Propoſe more troops above the town to ſend,
And there, by land and ſea their efforts bend,
WOLFE, as an eagle with his ſtrength renew'd,
Directs the war, and ſees their plan purſu'd,
But leaves ſtrong poſts, in caſe of a defeat,
To guard the camp, and favour their retreat;
While SAUNDERS with his fire the baſon ſhakes,
And ſemblance, during night, of landing makes.
Day in the eaſt had juſt begun to peep,
When MONTCALM from his lines beheld the ſteep;

He

He ſees the beach with *Britiſh* ſoldiers ſwarm,
Scoffing at firſt, nor yet in haſte to arm;
Scarce thinking they can *Sillery* aſcend,
Where, each way, trees to check their march extend,
But quits his ſituation, when, in ſight,
They now emerge, and dare him to the fight,
Form'd on the heights--- The *Gallic* force in haſte
He now collects; St. *Charles*'s-*River* paſt,
On *Abram-heights* each length'ning line extends,
MONTCALM to charge the *Britiſh* flank intends,
Nor leſs prepar'd, immortal WOLFE, to ſeize
Fit poſts, and all the general diſplays;
Left of his line light infantry are plac'd,
To awe the *Savage* ev'ry way they fac'd;
Braggs, *Kennedy's* and *Otway's* form the right;
With grenadiers ſtill foremoſt in the fight;
Anſtruther's, firm *Laſcell's* the center held,
And here their ſwords, the bold *North-Britons* wield
Sprung from the warlike *Picts*, brave *Highland-men*,
From many a hill they came, and many a glen,

Their cliffs a native barrier ſeem to riſe,
Againſt the ſea, where many an iſland lies,
Where friths indent the ſhore and fiſhy bays,
Whence the induſtrious ſurer wealth may raiſe
Than what *Peruvia* ſends, or *Indoſtan*:
Form'd to endure fatigue, the warrior *Clan*,
Down through the courſe of time tranſmits his name
Old as the hills, and branching like the ſtream;
Whether they on the *Grampian* mountains ſtray,
Or trace the borders of ſmooth-winding *Tay*;
There where the *Keith*, in headlong cat'ract borne,
Roars thro' the rocks; or *Gowry*, rich in corn;
Where *Allan-water* haſtens to *Dumblain*;
And *Dunkeld-woods*, and *Errol's* wide demeſne.

Thoſe, where *Braidalbin* yet her *Erſe* retains,
Enrich'd by FINGAL's ſon with tunefull ſtrains,
Tracing thy ſtream, O *Connal*, to it's ſpring!
Not *Theban* PINDAR ſtretch'd a bolder wing.
They too, who *Bad'noch* range, with uncomb'd locks
Rude as their hills, and hardy as their rocks;

In

In hilly *Angus*, interſpers'd with lakes,
Or where the *Spey* his courſe meand'ring takes;
Where *Dee* ſhoots rapid to the ſubject plain,
And waters *Cromar*, rich in herds and grain,
Till fiſhey *Don*, in *Murray-frith*, he meets,
Where *Aberdeen* extends her ſpacious ſtreets;
Who range *Strath-bogie*, and the *Strath* of *Nairn*;
Or where *Glenfiddich* towr's; and woody *Mern*.
Theſe wear the *Tartan* plaid, of curious dye,
Looſe in the wind, the folds yet gracefull fly;
Fancy contriv'd the ſtuff of various hue,
And from the ſhow'ry arch her patterns drew;
An outcaſt once, no friend or relative
Would to their roofs the needy *Nymph* receive:
She, after having trac'd the country round,
Among the *Scots* a kind reception found;
They learnt from her the milk-white fleece to ſtain,
And fix the colours in a richer grain,
To beam the web, where, ſhade relieving ſhade,
Is more conſpicuous by the contraſt made;

When now, with ready hand and ſteady foot,
Square interſecting ſquare ſhe caſts the ſhoot.
Induſtry fought her love, nor vainly ſought,
The *Tartan* hence to high perfection brought,
By their deſcendants, yet a num'rous race,
Catches the eye with ſuch uncommon grace;
Whether looſe hung, or where the philibeg
Diſcovers paſt the knee the warrior's leg,
Where the pure blood, uncheck'd with bandage, flows
Like tygers fierce and ſwift as mountain roes;
Breathing revenge-- diſcipline yet reſtrains
Their native fire; and each his rank maintains,
As gen'rous horſe, by ſteady manage curb'd,
Keen in the fight, as hornets when diſturb'd.

Second in rank, bold MONCKTON, takes the right;
TOWNSEND, upon the left, and MURRAY fight;
WOLFE in the center, fearleſs, takes his ſtand,
And views the hoſtile battle, now at hand;
To fight them cloſe the active chief reſolves,
And firm their fluctuating line revolves;

As

As when in ſtorms, where ſeas run mountain-high,
The ſkilfull maſter, with a ſharp-ſet eye,
'Looſs, or lies nearer, till the ſhip receives
On her well-timber'd prow the broad-back'd waves.
All now attentive for the ſignal watch'd--
When TOWNSEND's parties on the left detach'd,
While the firſt random ſhot is interchang'd,
Give way to numbers, tho' with judgment rang'd;
WOLFE the diſorder quickly rectifies,
Freſh troops the line of battle equipoize.
Now *Slaughter* gives her ſcarlet horſe the reins;
'Twixt either hoſt, what interval remains,
Grim-featur'd *War* in dreadfull menace ſtrode,
Eager to bathe his ſteps in human blood:
Canadian marks-men with the *Indians* joyn,
Theſe, in the front diſpers'd, the buſhes line;
Signal of onſet then the ſavage cry
Set up--and *Diſcord* tore the vaulted ſky,
Heard as th' *Hyenian-roar*, or when *Hell-gates*
Op'ning--from all her depths harſh thunder grates!

A galling fire the whoop of *War* ſucceeds,
And many a chief, and many a ſoldier bleeds;
With patience borne, in order marching ſlow,
While WOLFE advancing meditates the blow,
Yet keeps the bolt ſuſpended, till it might
With all his country's well-tim'd vengeance light.
CANTURIA now the white-wing'd moment ſeiz'd,
And all the *Genius* in the *Heroe* blaz'd!
With meaſur'd ſtep, and firm, with look ſedate;
Grace in his action, in his purpoſe *Fate*;
Still as the *Grave*, the troops, in juſt array,
Step as he ſteps, and for the ſignal ſtay:
Not ſo the *Gaul*, large intervals take place,
While here, and there, his cumb'rous battle ſways.
MONTCALM, prevented in his firſt deſign
To force the left, in haſte contracts his line;
The deep'ning files a column form entire;
'Twas then WOLFE's ſignal rous'd the *Britiſh* fire
As when a tempeſt to a calm ſucceeds
In *Lincoln* fenns, o'ergrown with ſedge and reeds,

Whiſtle

Whiſtle the winged winds, with rattling hail,
And to their coverts drive web-footed teal;
Or when keen froſts the ſportive youth invite
To beat the copſes, where the field-fares light,
Or ſpring the whirring partridge, ſtubble-fed,
Whole coveys drop where'er the pellets ſpread;
So ſure the well-train'd ſpaniel of his game,
The ſportſman cool, and ſteady of his aim;
Thus, ev'ry where kept up, the ſhot took place,
'Twixt either hoſt, now left but little ſpace,
And MONTCALM's battle gor'd from front to rear,
Whole ranks o'erthrown, that with their arms appear
Rang'd as they ſtood, conſign'd to inſtant death;
So falls rank hay-graſs, lying in the ſwath
Before the mower's ſcythe--Suſpence yet held
The reſt inactive, with amazement chill'd.
WOLFE, and his firm platoons, advancing yet,
Where equal danger from the bayonett,
And levell'd muſquetry, with added ball,
Yet more deſtructive plies th' aſtoniſh'd *Gaul.*

As

As when a thunder-bolt o'erturns the ſhed
Where herdſmen nightly watch, part ſtricken dead,
Part tho' unhurt, in doubt to fly or ſtay,
Motionleſs, ſtand at gaze, in wild diſmay:
Till, from her nit'rous ſtores, another cloud
The flaſh re-kindles, with concuſſion loud;
Mindleſs alike to rally, or retire,
So theſe, devoted, wait the *Britiſh* fire;
Where ſmutty grain of matter, prediſpos'd
Catches from flint and ſteel the ſparkle rous'd,
With terrible exploſion to impell
Cold *Saturn*. MONTCALM with his ſecond fell.
While chance alone their headleſs battle ſway'd,
WOLFE, to cloſe fight advancing undiſmay'd,
Had now, upon the wriſt, receiv'd a wound;
Another ball, e'er well the hurt was bound,
Below his navel fix'd; yet he conceals
The pain, till wounded in the breaſt he reels;
By officers ſupported from the fight:
As reſolute, advancing on the right,

MONKTON

MOCNKTON was wounded, to the ſhoulder-blade,
Quite through his lungs, the ball a paſſage made;
Air iſſues thro' the wound, which now the chief
Preſs'd with his hand till ſurgeons give relief.
Nor leſs for this, led nearly to the puſh
Of bayonet, the troops impetuous ruſh,
Vowing revenge, to ſee their leaders fall,
With added cartridge, and another ball;
Bragg's dauntleſs infantry and firm *Laſcell*,
With grenadiers advance: Dire was the yell
Of *Savages*, the dying and the dead,
Beſtrew'd the field; from brown to ſullen red
Inſtant the *Caledonian's* viſage turn'd,
Each fell'd a foe and as he fell'd him ſpurn'd.
What troops of *France* unbroken yet remain'd,
Had now a copſe at hand for ſhelter gain'd,
Cover'd with underwood and tangling brakes,
Here MONTCALM, e'er the fight, with earth and ſtakes,
Slight works had rais'd from whence with well-aim'd
Canadian marks-men might the *Engliſh* gall; [ball,

Hence on the *Britiſh* line, FOUDRIOL low'rs,
And all in haſte collects his ſcatter'd pow'rs;
Theſe facing now deal ſlaughter, in their turn,
As ſick'ning fires, that with freſh fuel burn;
So hunted ſtags, at bay, the ſtanch-hound gore,
Or dreadfull with his tuſks the ſavage boar.

While thus the ſcales of fight alternate turn,
Mothers their ſons, maids muſt their lovers mourn;
Friends friends; wives, orphans, for the father, ſpouſe,
So many knees the chance of battle bows.

But lo! *Anſtruther's* infantry advance,
Nought now avail thy arts truce-breaking *France*;
With fire reſerv'd, and bayonetts breaſt-high,
They charge, and now the moſt determin'd flie;
Or when *Deſpair* freſh courage to excite,
When *Honour* urges to renew the fight;
The *Highlanders*, where'er they make a ſtand,
Mow down the half-form'd ranks, with ſword in hand;
Each ſepr'ate charges, and himſelf defends,
As only, on his arm the day depends;

France

France routed flies, her battle cleft in twain,
Part ſtrive the city, part the camp, to gain;
Red-finger'd *Slaughter* hunts 'em on the trail,
And claims, of carcaſes, her utmoſt tale.

End of the ſixth Book.

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

GENERAL Townſend *takes the command--The rout of the* French *continued--Acts of* Macpherſon--*His valour and ſlaughter of the enemy.* French *chaſed to* Quebec---Wolfe *dying is informed of the victory---His laſt words---Lamented and celebrated--*Canturia *remanded to her former ſtation--Returns---Her ſtation on* Dover-cliff *deſcribed on the rumour of an invaſion---Operations of the ſiege at* Quebec *reſumed--Employment of the ſeamen there--Character of* Britiſh *ſeamen--Reduction of* Quebec--*It's importance.*

The

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK VII.

WHILE WOLFE and MONCKTON for their country bleed,
TOWNSEND commands, and, with amazing ſpeed,
Inſtant, the center gain'd, his meaſures took,
Kept up the chaſe, where'er the line is broke,
With ſkill he rallies, and, with ſpecial care,
From BOUGANVILLE, at hand, ſecures his rear.
As forward on the rout he caſt his eyes,
A brave old *Highlander* the chief eſpies;
Seemly himſelf, alone, a war maintains,
Now, tir'd with ſlaughter, on his ſword he leans,
To breathe, a while--then off his doublet threw,
And ev'ry ſtroke he made a foe he ſlew.
Daughters of ſong, MACPHERSON's acts relate!
Dreadful in battle! whence that ſettled hate,
To croſs the ſea, at ſeventy years of age,
And wake ſtern *Mars*, to *Caledonian* rage?

Twice

Twice *France*, in arms the warrior *Scots* to rouſe,
The quarrel urges of the *Stuart's Houſe*;
As oft betray'd--The valiant *Highland-man*,
Zealous, among the foremoſt, join'd his *Clan*;
But when he hears, *Gaul*, having ſerv'd a turn,
Forces their *Idol* from her realm, with ſcorn;
He drew his truſty two-edg'd ſword--the blade
Andrew Ferara for his grandſire made,
Drawn in the royal cauſe, when bold MONTROSSE
Suffer'd; He but ſurviv'd the publick loſs
A little while; next, to his ſon bequeath'd,
The ſword at *Gillicranky* is unſheath'd,
Faithful to *Stuart's houſe* in all extreams,
During the long o'er-clouded life of JAMES;
Who, e'er he was well fixed on the ſeat,
To ſuch extremeties could drive the ſtate!
Not knowing when to rein, or when to ſcourge;
Twice drawn in oppoſition to king GEORGE.
But now, devoutly kiſs'd, MACPHERSON rears
The edge, while thus, invoking *Heav'n* he ſwears;

Hear

Hear me, *O God of Battles*, when I call!
And grant me vengeance on perfidious *Gaul!*
As, during life, I ſhall occaſion take
On her and hers my purpos'd wrath to wreak.
Whom *Caledonia*, with her ample ſhield,
That day protected where he trod the field;
TERZILLIEL gave a charge to this effect,
With care to ſee the riſing choler checkt,
While doubtful, yet at firſt, the battle joins,
But, when the ſcale for *Britain* once inclines,
Leave the free ſpirit to it's utmoſt range--
So *Heav'n* ordains; allow'd his juſt revenge.
The firſt he ſlew, DE MAMMELEAU, of note,
Rallying his men; the ſword glanc'd on his throat,
With ſideway ſweep; from either jug'lar ſpun
The vital blood, while now the rout begun.
LA CHAMBARDIE then fell, a fatal ſtroke,
Juſt as he fought to guard, the rapier broke;
Deſtin'd his ſpouſe and babes no more to ſee,
With kind embraces left in *Picardie*;

Among

Among the firſt commanded o'er the main,
When *France*, her bold encroachments to maintain,
Had caſt her curb acroſs the *Ohio* flood,
Such treaſure hence expended, ſo much blood.
CLAIRAULT his friend in danger ne'er forſook;
One tent, one meſs with CHAMBARDIE partook;
Blooming in youth his ſkill and courage charm
The warlike *Scot*, and half his rage diſarm;
Who, rous'd, betakes him to the ſureſt guard,
When now the active youth preſt on him hard;
Skillful the ground to traverſe, he obſerves,
Due time with hand and foot, of ſupple nerves;
Not ſo MACPHERSON, now, by grief and age,
Grown rigid, as a bull, with ſmother'd rage,
Low'rs in the ring, and every way his horns
Preſents, ſo ev'ry way the warrior turns;
Till riſing at the ſtroke, but one he aim'd,
Which his left ſhoulder from the neck unſeam'd;
The griding edge, his quiv'ring heart divides,
And life's pure ſtream well'd out in purple tides.

Breathleſs

Breathleſs, two others, at his feet were laid,
St. PIERRE, the firſt, faint oppoſition made;
Late at *Ticonderago* honours ſought,
A cadet under MONTCALM's eye he fought;
But here his head no friendly breaſt-work ſcreens,
Slain by the warrior *Scot*, e'er he obtains
The conſecrated croſs, or promis'd poſt;
Next, on the *Scot* a *Swiſs* ſubaltern clos'd,
Vaulting, with artfull lounge, full at the breaſt,
His ready point the active fencer preſt;
But, e'er the point can meaſure half it's way,
Snap'd ſhort, the *Hibgland* blade, with two-edg'd ſway,
Recover'd, lays him headleſs at a blow;
As active boys, where ſtinging nettles grow,
With taper hazzle ſwitch, or willow wand,
Diſperſe, and, ever where the rankeſt ſtand,
Lop firſt, then fall enrag'd among the heap;
So now the broad-ſword, with deſtructive ſweep,
Large havock made, in wheel promiſc'ous toſt,
Many of note, more fall whoſe names are loſt,

Whole heaps, an undiſtinguiſh'd carnage lie;
And now indignant ſeen by VIELARDOY;
Canadian born, a *Frenchman* was his ſire,
Grown rich, with farming provinces entire;
But, for extortion practis'd, forc'd to fly,
His ill-got wealth court-ſycophants enjoy;
He croſs'd the ſea, and fix'd at *Trois-riviers*
Thrifty at firſt, a ſmall plantation clears;
Cunning at barter, in the peltry trade
He next engag'd, and ſoon a fortune made;
Left at his death to VIELARDOY: The ſon,
Born of an *Indian* woman, now full-grown;
A man of ſubſtance deem'd, he occupies
Land, lately wreſted from the *Iroquois*,
Betwixt *Connecticut* and *Champlain-lake*;
Hence late expell'd, and finding all at ſtake,
MONTCALM he joins---Of cunning, as of name,
For muſquetry, none ſurer drop'd his game;
Practis'd, from youth, to hunt the nimble deer,
And dart the beaver, with a bearded ſpear.

As leaning on his ſword, MACPHERSON takes
A breathing ſpace, behind a buſh he ſneaks
To prime, and load his piece; the ball was chew'd,
The warrior *Scot* with ſavage purpoſe view'd;
Whence half-diſcover'd, as the ſhot he aims,
With martial graſp, again the broad-ſword flames;
That fight alone the coward's ſpirit froze;
Down, undiſcharg'd, the firelock now he throws
And fled; But *Mars* the *Caledonian* ſlip'd,
With breath recover'd, off his doublet ſtrip'd;
Inſtant he ſprung, and kept him in his eye,
Alone purſu'd, of all the reſt that flie,
In vain he winds among the mingled rout,
The *Scot* purſues his game, yet ſingled out;
And now the ſly *Canadian* overtakes--
Full at his head, behind, the weapon makes
Uninterrupted way, and, from the crown,
Continuous, to the navel clove him down.

Whom, fallen, thus the *Caledonian*, wroth,
Inſults; Let *France*, her double-broken oath,

Experience thus; till *Scotland's* ſteadfaſt hate
Leaves her, an helpleſs, as a faithleſs ſtate—
Nor longer paus'd, but, with recover'd breath,
Again addreſs'd him to the work of *Death!*
While, bath'd in ſweat, increaſing in his ſpeed,
As an old racer, of a gen'rous breed,
Headlong he ſhoots, and with the foremoſt ſprings,
To chaſe the flying foe, where *Fear* gives wings.
SINECLAIR, alone, oppos'd the *Heroe's* courſe;
Tho' in the foot, he fought among the horſe;
Among the firſt, that collumn to aſſail
At *Fontenoy*; when ſuch infernal *Zeal*
Of *Renegades* the tide of battle turn'd,
Their country's call, and royal mercy ſpurn'd:
Not with a rapier, but a ſword he fought,
Two-edg'd, and late among the plunder caught,
When ABERCROMBIE's force gave place to *France*;
Of proof the blade, it's value to enhance
Ferara's name might be diſtinguiſh'd yet,
But faint, ſo often for the ſlaughter whet.

Both

Both met, and now begun a deſp'rate fight;
The bold *North-Briton*, on the weapon bright
Now caſt an eye, already deem'd his prize;
And thus, while on his guard, ſecure, he lies--
Of *Highland-race*, in act that blade to wield,
Doſt thou advance to kill, or to be kill'd?
Or, from it's rightfull owner's graſp eſtrang'd,
The time is come to ſee thy theft reveng'd?
Leſs in this weapon than the *Virgin's* aid,
I truſt, reply'd the zealous *Renagade*;
A foe to hereticks, to *France*, a friend--
More words are vain; thy threaten'd life defend.
To *France* alike, and to her friends a foe
Now thou art caught, this arm ſhall lay thee low,
MACPHERSON ſaid; and, ſcowling, forward ſtept;
There, where he fix'd his foot, his foot he kept,
Till SINECLAIR fell; now near, and now aloof
He ply'd the *Scot*, each weapon to the proof
Bends, and ſpontaneous to its temper ſprings;
As when the twanging bow an arrow wings;

And

And now they claſh'd, and then alternate ſwung,
At laſt, a wound the zealot's ham unſtrung;
Scarce felt, e'er now deep buried in his ſide,
MACPHERSON's ſword a paſſage opens wide,
Which through the liver plow'd--He ſtretch'd his [length.
When thus the warrior; glory in the ſtrength
Of women, on the *Lord of Hoſts* I call,
Who, hitherto, my vengeance, vow'd on *Gaul*,
Has witneſs'd. Nearer thoſe devoted tow'rs
He preſs'd, from whence in vain FOUDRIOL low'rs;
Where *France* her routed battle ſeperates,
Part to the river, part the city gates,
More fall, to glutt his vengeance; ſcarce *Quebec*
With her defences, can his progreſs check;
For many in the ditch are overthrown;
At one attack, the *Gen'ral* looking on,
Twelve foes he fell'd; and none, of all the rout,
Eſcape with life, his arm has ſingled out.

Mean while, the *Britiſh* infantry advance,
And, terrible in arms, the ſworded *Clans*;

Where

Where thoſe, in full platoon, their battle broke,
Theſe, ruſhing in, deal death at every ſtroke;
And ever, where a *Highland* blade impends,
Heavy, with *Scotland's* wrath, the edge deſcends;
Heads, arms, and legs, in wild confuſion lop'd,
Theſe by the ſword; by whizzing bullets drop'd
Numbers, or, with the bayonet transfix'd,
Whole heaps, *Canadians*, *French* and *Indians*, mix'd!
Foil'd, in the preſence of her fierce allies,
While, fugitive the *Gaul* to covert hies;
Supported by the ſorrowing officers,
WOLFE faints--and now the victor ſhout he hears;
Thoſe eyes, which late had from their function ceas'd,
Bright'ning again--Again himſelf he rais'd;
Yet, for the ſoldiers while his bowels yearn,
Anxious the fortune of the day to learn,
Who runs?-- ſaid WOLFE-- The officers reply,
'Tis *France*---Then God be prais'd, content I die,
Nor utters more, but pious bow'd his head,
Wing'd in ſuch words the active ſpirit fled;

A lifeleſs corſe, on *Abram-height* he lies,
No relative at hand to cloſe his eyes;
Far his fond mother, his betroth'd away,
Yet, beautiful in *Death* the *Hero* lay:
There was the lover, and the ſoldier trac'd,
Soften'd the martial lines yet un-craz'd;
In act to charge, and prominent his look,
While, ſeemly yet, his graſp the truncheon ſhook.

O how becoming! when to noble deeds,
Urg'd at his country's call, a ſoldier bleeds;
Yet more commended, if, in *Glory's* race,
The love of life to publick good gives place;
Moſt, when a *Chief* the publick notice claims,
In whom the lover, ſoldier, patriot flames!

Lovely in life, in death yet unſubdu'd,
Immortal WOLFE--thy wreaths, tho' dip'd in blood!
Yet bloom---*To Thee, illuſtrious ſhade! to Thee!*
Britain ſhall future honours yet decree!
Contending provinces thy birth ſhall claim,
And children's children learn to liſp *Thy name*:

To noble ſtock, if hopefull iſſue fails,
While her betroth'd the love-lorn virgin wails,
Like *Thee*, devoted on a foreign coaſt,
If e'er fond mother has a darling loſt,
Theſe, as *Thy* moving ſtory they ſhall hear,
Will ſigh--and drop a ſympathizing tear.

CANTURIA mourns--but, from TERZILIEL ſped,
A *Watcher* calls: Thy charge no more the *Dead*;
For now, the meek-look'd miniſters of *Grace*
Attend and waft the ſpirit to his place,
Reſting in God: Let duſt return to duſt,
Nor need inſcriptions, or the ſculptur'd buſt;
WOLFE yet, in his diſpatches, lives and breathes,
What *Briton* melts not, when the ſov'reign bathes
His furrow'd cheek? but thou, thy charge reſume
On *Dover-cliffs*; for *Gaul*, with ſullen gloom,
Invaſion planns, and from th' infernal pit
Locuſts, as *Gods* long-ſuff'ring ſhall permit,
Swarming, upon the plowman's ſweat to feed,
Seek, as of old, to neſtle here and breed.

CANTURIA ſped, obſequious at the call,
To *Dover-cliffs*, and, frowning on the *Gaul*,
Shakes her long lance--while TOWNSEND from purſuit
Calls off his men, for, ready to diſpute
The well-won field, lo! other troops appear--
Nor with ſucceſs elate, nor damp'd with fear,
He waits for BOUGANVILLE, in firm array,
But tempts no more the fortune of the day:
They, ſeeing *Abram-heights* beſtrown with dead,
To ſwamps and to the woods for ſhelter fled;
Nor linger there, but up the river ſail,
And tell the diſmal tydings at *Montreal.*

The gen'ral orders, when the woods are clear'd,
To ſee the wounded dreſs'd, the dead interr'd:
MACPHERSON, now returning from the rout,
Juſt breath'd, among the reſt he ſingled out;
Erect, nor yet with age, or ſorrow bow'd,
In martial port the *Caledonian* ſtrode;
Known in his ſhirt, with recent tokens bath'd
Of ſlaughter, and his weapon yet unſheath'd;

Whence

Whence, from his arm and all along his ſide,
Down to the feet, a crimſon ſtream had dy'd.
When thus the *Chief* addreſs'd the victor *Scot*,
Brave *Highlander* was poverty thy lot?
Wife, ſon and nephew, doſt thou now ſurvive
Alone, of all thy kindred, left alive?
Or ſingly has the thirſt of *Glory* mov'd,
To lend thy arm, our common cauſe approv'd,
Freely, ſo old, with us to entertain,
And ſwell this carnage with thy heaps of ſlain?
To whom the warrior, while his point he lower'd,
Well is the tooth of *Poverty* endur'd,
Where ſimple *Nature*, when our bannocks fail,
Sits down, contented with her bag of meal,
Beſide a brook, or near a ſpringing well;
Nor yet cut off my kin, tho' many fell
For *Stuart's Houſe*, what time inſidious *France*
Twice rais'd, and twice betray'd the *Highland Clans*;
Hence, oaths have bound my ſoul to ſeek revenge,
If e'er ſhe came within my weapons range--

So, pleaſe your *Honour*, I have kept my word;
God's will aſſiſting, and a good broad ſword.
Due witneſs to thy valor we have borne
The gen'ral ſaid; but now thy ſword return,
And leave the field; thy worth conſider'd well,
Rever'd thy age, we counſel, not compell,
And cleanſe thee from the duſt and clotted gore,
With change of cloathing furniſh'd from the ſtore,
Enquire for me, if I forget to ſend---
Perhaps we may thy future fortunes mend.
Due notice to the *Chief's* injunction paid,
The *Caledonian* ſheath'd his truſty blade,
Then, waſhing, from the ſtore himſelf compleats,
And for the general's further notice waits.
Active mean while the city to inveſt,
TOWNSHEND; nor gives the *Gaul* a moments reſt,
And SAUNDERS, notic'd in a kind bequeſt;
WOLFE left the chief what plate he daily us'd,
With which the *Gen'ral's Genius* ſeems transfus'd;

There

There, where WOLFE ſets, he glows another ſtar,
On land a voluntier, at ſea a tarr!
His ardour through the ſquadron caught by turns,
The ſea-man now, and now the land-man burns;
Part yoak'd in teagles, ranging two by two,
With labour, up the hill, heavy artillery drew;
Theſe, on the ſtretch, each ſinewey tendon ſtrain;
Others, with iron crows, a gun ſuſtain,
Leſt it ſhould down the precipice recoil,
What time their fellows breathe, quite ſpent with toil;
Or raiſe a carriage, if ſometimes the wheels
Plough deeper rutts, when, with deſcending rills,
From ſhow'rs of rain, whence rivers take their riſe,
In gullies cut, the brow unequal lies:
Sometimes round, trees at hand, the teagles caſt,
Secure the purchaſe, till a ridge is paſt,
Then wind along--Tho' all with labour ſweat,
All to the work their ſhoulders freely ſet.

What nation can with *Britain* ſeamen boaſt?
To toils, alike by land and ſea expos'd,

With

With ſpirits, in the ſervice yet unbroke,
Firm and unrival'd as their native oak.
E'er yet the batt'ry's rais'd, FOUDRIOL, hoarſe,
Retires to guard *Montreal*, his laſt reſource,
Nor longer from the far-ſeen baſtion raves;
Quebec ſubmits, and *Britiſh* troops receives:
All ſhout, to ſee the union enſign flie,
The gen'ral's fall, yet, damps the ſoldiers joy:
Ah! had he, fortunate as well as brave,
Seen on thoſe walls, thoſe honour'd trophies wave.
But *Neptune*, from among the *Sea-girt Iſles*,
Yet ſees them wave, and while he ſees 'em ſmiles,
Vowing he will annex this precious gem,
Henceforth, to *Britain's* ſea-green diadem.

End of the Seventh Book.

The

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

INDIANS *in the* French *intereſt return*---*Their account of the battle*---*Speech of an old* Indian--Quebec *threatend to be retook*--Murray *on his guard*--Townſend *and* Saunders *ſail for* England--*Conference of* Townſend *and* Macpherſon--*Account of the ſtrength and martial diſpoſition of the* Highlanders---*Incidents of the two rebellions*--Saunders *joins* Hawke--*Armament in* France--Hawke *wind-bound*--*Eagerneſs of the ſailors to engage*--*Deſcription of harbours, rivers, &c. whence ſailors are furniſh'd to mann the fleets*--*Advice that* Conflans *is at ſea*--Hawke *weighs and ſails to fight him.*

The

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK VIII.

MEAN while the *Indian* fugitives return
To join their tribes; theſe for their warriors mourn,
Who, ſince the ravages of *War* took place,
Neglected both the peltry and the chaſe,
Reck'ning from ſcalps, where *France* points out the way
And plunder'd ſettlements, an eaſier prey.
The chiefs amaz'd a council ſummon ſtraight,
To whom accounts of MONTCALM's late defeat,
The eldeſt warrior gives--The ſtory, long,
Recites, with action pertinent, how ſtrong
The *French*, in poſts of difficult acceſs,
Like hornets which the craggy cliff poſſeſs.
In large canoes the *Engliſh* plough the waves,
The *French* deſpis'd them, with repeated braves,
Still crying out, their warriors to enflame,
Hereticks! ſome devouring monſter's name,

Which

Which heretofore had laid their country waſte,
They told us ſo, and how a *Demon* ſeiz'd
Their ſpirits, what ſtrange torments they endure,
While thoſe, tho' few, the baſon cover'd o'er;
Buſy as beavers, when, a lodge to make,
Large trees are with their teeth fell'd croſs the lake;
Eager to fight, they never ſtand at gaze,
But, with uncommon ſpeed, land, form, and face.
Both armies met, rang'd oppoſite in lines,
Both ruſh expos'd--but, e'er the battle joins,
To covert we, nor long the *French-men* ſtood;
'Twas then the great red-warriors hack'd and hew'd;
Like hunted hinds all fly to ſave their lives,
While theſe purſue; others, with long ſharp knives,
Fight ſingle; none to trees for ſhelter make,
But, as the foremoſt any overtake
Thoſe drop'd, through that firm ſubſtance cut behind,
Juſt where the ancle to the heel is join'd;
Or where, ſometimes in tortures we intend,
With greater pain the victim's ſoul to bend,

The knee from its poſition forcing back,
Bone from his bone, you hear the ſinews crack;
Thus maim'd, upon their hands and feet they crept,
Others the field in horrid circles ſwept,
And ev'ry mortal wheel a *French-man* fell,
But moſt ſharp bayonets the rout impell;
Where, fiercer-look'd, and taller than the reſt,
Inſulting on the rear the warrior preſs'd,
All keep their ranks, tho' running at full ſpeed,
To dart their game, and ranks to ranks ſucceed,
As waves to waves, when winds have vext the lake;
If great Ar'ouski ſhould the hatchet take,
The leaſt of theſe to flight he could not turn,
All ſo impatient for the battle burn.

Nephews, a rev'rend *Sachem* ſaid, 'tis plain
In an ill hour you broke the cov'nant chain
Which held us with the *Engliſh* planters bound,
Seduc'd by *France* to ſend the hatchet round;
Who could, by ſuch uncommon arts deviſe
With clouds of duſt to blind the *Indian's* eyes:

Some

Some *Demon* now, I plainly ſee, preſides
O'er all their councils and their actions guides;
'Tis true, with honey'd ſpeech, they promiſe fair,
And magnify their conduct in the war;
Of which, their forts conſtructed where they pleaſe,
Witneſs in part, but who the purchaſe pays?
Yet, all thoſe ſettlements the *Engliſh* hold,
Were by our ſelves, or by our grandſires ſold;
Our antient *Sachem*, long of ſight bereav'd,
Whom, lately, the *Beloved ones* receiv'd,
Told us (the great ſalt-waters he had croſs'd)
None could ſuch warriors as the *Engliſh* boaſt;
And when the council-fire, through our neglect,
Went out, he often ſpake to this effect--
Nephews, the *Engliſh*, ſince they ſettled here,
To peace inclin'd, have left us nought to fear,
If aught be wrong, their king can ſet it right;
Then rub the cov'nant-chain, and keep it bright.
Why do the *French* build forts, in time of peace,
On ev'ry lake, at ev'ry *Carying-place*?

But with intent both nations to enſlave--
Yet, if provok'd, you'll find the *Engliſh* brave;
Are they themſelves unable to defend?
Their breth'ren ſoon, can pow'rfull ſuccours ſend;
And ſhould their great red-warriors once arrive,
Few that oppoſe them would be left alive.

Yet ye had heavy ears; and now are blind,
But poliſh up the chain and ſee it join'd
Link to his link: On *France* the hatchet turn--
The council fire, ſoon kindled, bright may burn;
Or, if you rather are to peace inclin'd--
Your game, as heretofore, and beaver mind.

They hear, and, by the *Elder's* counſel ſway'd,
Part, take to hunting and the peltry trade;
Part follow AMHERST's fortunes in the field;
A few, with gifts debauch'd, and loath to yield,
Cleave to the *French*, where ſavage VAUDREUIL
For human ſcalps continues, at *Montreal*,
Infernal barter! grizly, round the hall
Nail'd as receiv'd--Infatuated *Gaul!*

Are

Are theſe thy triumphs! On the heels of *Guilt*
Juſt *Vengeance* treads; The blood of planters ſpilt
Makes *Mercy* to the *Talion-law* give place--
And ev'ry ſcalp, a *French-man's* ſcalp repays.
To theſe, receiv'd with ſtudied complaiſance,
Exhauſting all the ſpecious arts of *France*,
The cunning governor his tale directs--
Brethren our Father all his force collects;
He turn'd his back and ſouth-ward chanc'd to look,
While, like a thief, *Quebec* the *Engliſh* took--
But, ſhortly, with a thouſand great canoes,
To pinch the little *Engliſh* king he goes;
His face is turn'd, and north-ward now he ſees,
With warriors more in number than the trees
He ſails, their lands to ſpoil, their towns to burn,
Till they *Quebec* and *Louiſbourgh* return;
This ye ſhall ſee, as ye before have ſeen--
Then hold the hatchet faſt, and make it keen.
With ſubtile ſpeech, accuſtom'd thus to gloze,
France on the ſimple *Indians* can impoſe

They

They join her ſcatter'd fugitives, and take
The neareſt poſts; then ſail from lake to lake,
Threat'ning *Quebec*: But MURRAY, in command,
With purpoſe fix'd their utmoſt to withſtand,
Th' important conqueſt keeping, juſtifies
His country's truſt, and all their rage defies.
TOWNSHEND embark'd, to *England* now proceeds
On board the fleet, the good *Centurion* leads;
But faithfull to his promiſe, e'er he went,
The bold *North Briton*, treated at his tent,
Sails when he ſails, in waiting ſtill attends;
For whom, at leiſure now, the gen'ral ſends,
While his great project, yet is incompleat,
Anxious the northern force to eſtimate---
A conf'rence he begun to this effect,
Sit down--- Thy years and valour claim reſpect;
I've ſeen the *Clan's* behaviour with amaze;
What numbers now cou'd all the *Highlands* raiſe?
Pauſing a while, and ſeeming wrapt in thought,
The ſoldier ſaid, e'er *Sherif-muir* was fought,

A liſt was handed round which made us then,
In number nearly forty-thouſand men;
Part neuter, part *King George's* claim eſpouſe,
We, who in arms ſtood up for *Stuart's Houſe*,
Tho' check'd at *Sherif-muir*, yet kept the field;
Till, finding *France* the promis'd troops witheld,
We fled for ſhelter to the hills, and WADE
A chain of poſts acroſs the country made,
He, more than half the *Highlanders* ſubdu'd
Thro' rocks and mountains while a road he hew'd--
And when the antient grudge again was rous'd,
With fire and ſword the bloody *Campbels* loos'd,
Ravag'd the country, after we were broke,
This, to the *Highlands* was a fatal ſtroke---
Scarce of our numbers muſt'ring now a third;
For harveſt, cattle, age, nor ſex were ſpar'd.
Such is the conſequence, brave *Highland-man*,
The gen'ral ſaid, of *Clan* opos'd to *Clan*,
'Tis well at laſt thoſe *Herriots* are deſtroy'd,
By laws which make their juriſdictions void;

North

North, as *South Britain*, now alike, is free
To taſte the ſweets of peace, and property---
Yet none, her martial ſpirit ſeek to check,
Witneſs the *Clans* now left to keep *Quebec*:
'Gainſt whom, tho' *France* her numbers ſhou'd unite,
MURRAY I know, and all the *Scots* will fight;
How ſteady to his truſt, brave GARD'NER fell!
The circumſtances, doubtleſs, you can tell--
'Tis rumour'd, while in *Edinburgh* they lay,
How he foretold, the horſe wou'd run away.
Troth ſaid the ſoldier, they were little worth;
E'er yet, for *Edinburgh*, we croſt the *Forth*,
From their behaviour we had cauſe to hope
Thoſe troops wou'd join us, when we met with COPE;
At *Correyerrie* paſs, we hence lay ſtill,
Where, ſeventeen-times a road winds up the hill;
Sure of the horſe, and counting all the foot,
E'er they got up, wou'd be in pieces cut:
This COPE perceiv'd, and with his men took ſhip,
Leſt we to *Edinburgh* ſhou'd by him ſlip;

But

But night and day, upon the march, we ſtretch'd,
And, e'er he lands, the capital have reach'd.

COPE, landed now, we drew out all the *Clans*,
And found him with his force at *Preſton-Pans*,
Where, all the art of gen'ralſhip diſplay'd,
Excellent diſpoſitions he had made;
With admirable ſkill his poſture chang'd,
As, ſkirting round their flanks, all day we rang'd;
Yet, after we had ſtole a march by night,
We took 'em by ſurprize, e'er morning light;
A rout it might be call'd--but ſcarce a fight.

Calling, in vain, upon the horſe to ſtand,
Now GARD'NER fought on foot, with ſword in hand;
Unequal match, where one to numbers held
Cloſe fight, and yet five *Highland-men* he kill'd:
While now our chiefs, who knew the col'nel brave,
Ruſh in, each calling out, ſave GARD'NER! ſave!
With many wounds receiv'd, he, falling, cry'd
Let GOD ſave GAR'DNER; nothing more, and died.

Greatly he fell, obſerv'd the gen'ral here,
While in his eye ſtood charg'd the big-ſwol'n tear;
Inward he groans, to think, with pannick ſeiz'd
The troops, how ſoon a leader is diſgrac'd---
Then thus--Let their vile arts be ne'er forgot,
Who thus cou'd arm a *Scot*, againſt a *Scot*:
But tell me ſoldier, when ye ſouthward went,
To march for *London*, was it your intent?
So we intended, you may reſt aſſur'd,
He ſaid. The *Clans* in earneſt draw the ſword;
Firm to their purpoſe, righteous or unjuſt,
But *England*, we no more than *France* cou'd truſt;
O had we there but ſuffer'd a defeat,
Our country might have 'ſcap'd the *Campbell's* hate,
Nor we, as plund'rers branded in our flight;
Worthy that name, before *Culloden* fight,
Many, with booty laden, left the cauſe,
When, with his force, the *Duke* yet nearer draws;
And *France* had ſent, of all her promis'd force,
The broken remnant of *Fitz-James's* horſe:

Late

Late near *Tournay* to *Engliſh* troops oppos'd,
Where half their men and officers were loſt.
While theſe deſcribe the conduct of the *Duke*,
His well-known warmth our firmeſt leaders ſhook;
Who in the field infernal batt'ries paſs'd,
Three ſtrong intrenchments forc'd--ſcarce check'd at laſt.
Deſertion follow'd, diſcord ſoon ſucceeds--
As many leaders, juſt ſo many heads;
In fruitleſs cavills they unactive lay,
Till all the regulars had croſt the *Spey*:
The battle joins, and we are broke of courſe--
What could reſiſt the ſhock of *Britiſh* horſe?
Unable to collect our ſcatter'd pow'rs,
Behind, in full career, the ſword devours;
Before, the country lay a deſart round!
Where meager *Want* ſat pining on the ground;
The ſtrong, his morſel ſnatching from the weak;
Such hardſhips I have borne for *Stuart's* ſake.

The ſoldier ſoftens into floods of tears,
While thus he ceas'd--Whom now the gen'ral chears,

'Tis well if, by experience taught, the *Clans*
Can ſee how they have been the dupes of *France*;
While noble blood, as common water ſpilt,
Yet calls for blood, to waſh away the guilt.

In conf'rence with MACPHERSON thus, at ſea,
Troop-raiſing TOWNSHEND paſt the time away;
Nor un-important to his great deſign,
A *North Militia* with the *South* to joyn.

SAUNDERS mean-while, acroſs th' *Atlantic* ſtretch'd;
And now the ſouthern point of *Ireland* reach'd,
Hop'd to enjoy a truce from all his toils,
Bleſt in his *Sov'reign's* and the people's ſmiles:
But when, confirm'd by all accounts, he hears
France for invaſion ſeriouſly prepares---
The *Patriot* o'er the love of eaſe prevails;
The *Channel* now he ſeeks with crowded ſails.

OMBRULIEL's ſchemes in forwardneſs advance;
And active now, from *Havre* round to *Nantz*
France arms; boats, num'rous at their moorings ſeen;
Part yet, the workmen haſtily careen;

Then

Then launch-- the whole equipment is compleat;
The troops, embark'd, for ſailing orders wait;
Chief, thoſe, by watchfull DUFF detain'd at *Vannes*,
Wiſh but to ſee him fly before CONFLANS;
When, HAWKE now forc'd to ſea in boiſtrous gales,
From *Breſt*, where long he ſculk'd, the marſhal ſails.

The *Fiend* exults, his project brought to bear,
He knows, from heavy ſhips, the *Channel* clear;
Nor doubts but DUFF is taken in the toils--
Yet, watchfull ever o'er the *Britiſh Iſles*,
Providence, to preſerve him interpos'd,
Where, opertune, the *Juno-Frigate* cruis'd;
Loos'd from their moorings, but a little while,
The captain ſees them, e'er they reach *Belleiſle*;
Then ſtraight advice to HAWKE and DUFF diſpatch'd,
And light arm'd-ſhips their further motions watch'd.

HAWKE at *Torbay*; the ſquadron wind-bound lies;
Courting auſpicious gales his topſail flies---
Impatient, while as yet their thunder ſlept,
A ſharp look-out the *Britiſh* ſeamen kept,

Num'rous

Num'rous upon the tops: what rivers ſay?
Daughters of Song, with men inur'd to ſea,
Furniſh the Fleet, from harbours thick beſtrown,
Like ſtars that ſpangle the *Celeſtial Zone*,
By *Heſper* led, or *Heav'n's reſplendant queen*;
Whence *Britain* may equip her vaſt marine?

Firſt father *Thames* draws out his humid train,
And rolls, majeſtick, to the ſubject main;
A grove of maſts his ample boſom bears,
Crowds preſs the flood, or plying at the ſtairs,
Toughen their nerves with tugging at the oar,
Where his *Auguſta* boaſts her countleſs dow'r.

The *Severn* next, with near as rich a freight
Briſtol endows, and opens in her ſtate
A ſpacious channel; up to *Liverpool*
What num'rous coaſters range, and round to *Hull*-

Briſtol and *Liverpool* ſupply the fleet
With men accuſtom'd to the ſolar heat,
Hence, fit to go on any enterprize,
Whoſe deſtin'd object, 'twixt the *Tropicks* lies;

What

What ſea-port, all along the north-weſt coaſt,
With *Liverpool* can trade, or commerce boaſt?
Whether the *Africk*, or *Weſt-Indian* trade
Freight home her ſhips, whence large returns are made:
Who can deſcribe thy imports *Hull*? in vatts
Of merchandiſe, far inland brought in flats,
Number thy artiſts *Deptford? Portſmouth* thine?
Or count thy keels! *Newcaſtle upon Tyne?*
Shall e'er the royal navy call for hands--
While ſhe can muſter up thoſe ſwarthy bands?
Grim-featur'd men! a ſtrength which may amaze
They boaſt, and fearleſs, on the narrow ſeas,
Cloſe fight they ſeek, to air accuſtom'd moſt,
Where, from the ſmall coal, particles of duſt
Float numberleſs, nor fearing hence to choak,
In thickeſt ſmudge of ſulphur, fire and ſmoak.

If *Britain*'s fleet requires a freſh ſupply,
To furniſh men, her num'rous fiſh'ries vie.
North-Britain, ſends her ſons in many a frith
Along the coaſt, from *Glaſgow* round to *Leith*;

Stanch

Stanch tars with land from ev'ry quarter made
Active, to wind among the iſles embay'd,
To mann the long-boat, when the ſurge runs high,
Us'd the rough ſea in open ſkiffs to ply;
Or ſtem the rapid tide in *Pentland-ſtrait*,
Which twice twelve various currents agitate.

To mann the fleet, *Hibernia* ſends her ſhare,
From *Carrick-fergus*, down to *Dublin* bar,
Thence ſouthward on, to cattle-killing *Cork*;
The fleet full mann'd--each man, to fight and work,
Breathes the free ſpirit of his native land,
None yet in action under more command.

Sore mortify'd, the ſeamen, now to hear,
CONFLANS at ſea, and they yet ling'ring here;
Then buſtle, buſtle--all in haſte to weigh;
Nought heard diſtinctly but to ſea! to ſea!
As when for pop'lous ſhires, the public voice
With patriot names drowns ev'ry vulgar noiſe;
Numbers ſpontaneous, clinging to the ſhrowds,
Dart to the main-maſt head, through yielding clouds;

Seen

Seen at a diſtance now, on each yard-arm,
Thick as the inſect tribes in autumn ſwarm,
When, with intent his up-land grounds to till,
A farmer fires dry heather, on the hill;
Or when the *Herefordian* youth, to eaſe
Teeming *Pomona*, vent'rous climb the trees;
The far-ſeen houſwife, curious to explore
What fruit may beſt replace her winter ſtore,
Chooſes the firmeſt, heaping kind and kind,
But ſighs indignant, if a dry eaſt-wind
Blighted the bloom, when clammy mildews fall;
So HAWKE, exaſp'rate that the ſculking *Gaul*
Is thus eſcap'd--the fruit yet unpoſſeſt,
So long expected, while he rode off *Breſt:*
But, at the boat-ſwain's call, ſoon over-head
The ſails, unfurl'd, their ſwelling boſoms ſpread,
Loos'd--and the gale now favourably veers;
To find, and fight the *French*, ſir *Edward* ſteers.

End of Book the Eighth.

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

CONSTERNATION of the publick--Mam--mon's *practiſes on the publick ſtocks*---*Anx--iety of the miniſtry*---*Accounts from* Hawke--*Lord* Anſon's *ſpeech, and character of* Hawke---*Confer--ence of* Terzilliel *and* Teutoniel--Hawke *overtakes* Conflans, *in chaſe of Commodore* Duff---*Deſcription of the engagement in* Quiberon-bay---*Rout of the* French *fleet--Their ſhips bulged in the river* Vilain.

The

The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK IX.

HAWKE now but loos'd! and CONFLANS out
The heart of ev'ry *Briton* melts away. [at ſea,
Where'er the ſcreech-owl note, repeated, ſtuns
The publick ear, and yet as wild-fire runs,
With added circumſtance of low-born lies,
Forg'd that the publick funds may fall and riſe,
Where *Mammon* ceaſle[illegible] at his anvil plies;
Two kinds are forg'd, of oppoſite intent,
With theſe, his grov'ling emiſſaries ſent
Affect the air at ev'ry publick place--
Some dance like bubbles, to the viſual rays
All gold! If now, amaſs'd by legal ſtealth,
Blind *Chance* muſt circulate a miſer's wealth,
Himſelf, or ſpend-thrift heir, no matter which,
Conceiving hopes to grow immenſly rich,

Follow the chaſe; but ſoon the bubble burſt--
Nought reſts, ſave brokers and their av'rice curſt.
Others, contriv'd with taliſmanic care,
Are forg'd, diſcordant to the publick ear!
(Such now he vends) what *State*, with *Faction* tore,
A zealous patriot's loſs ſhall then deplore?
National *Credit*, at her lateſt gaſp,
Looks round, if there be yet twig to graſp!
Not ſo *Great Britain*; PATRIOTS ſhe can boaſt,
Diſtinct as ſtars that rule the *Heav'nly hoſt!*
Seen in his orb, NEWCASTLE, not the leaſt--
Since PITT was in the *Conſtellation* plac'd!
Haſt'ning to his conjunction, aſpect, trine,
Lo! where he ſcatters yet, his rays benign.
A councill ſummon'd, none for *Britain* ſhook
More inly mov'd; Concern in ev'ry look--
Frequent advice, repeated ev'ry hour,
At intervalls, their eyes and ears devour;
Again relapſe--The *Patriot friends* aghaſt!
As when a pilot, with beſt-bower caſt,

Drops

Drops the ſheet-anchor, yet his veſſell drives--
When now, from HAWKE a meſſenger arrives,
Juſt favour'd with a riſing eaſtern gale,
And CONFLANS, diſtant but a few hours ſail.
Brighten their looks, with gloom late overcaſt,
Then roſe great ANSON, from experience paſt
None claims with greater deff'rence to be heard;
Who thus the fainting friends of *Britain* chear'd,
Ceaſe all your fears--for HAWKE his point has gain'd
A ſtancher tar, the navy never train'd--
I know him well, engaging board and board!
France, doubtleſs, finds e'er this her top-ſail low'rd.
His words confirm their ſpirits, almoſt ſunk,
As timely ſhow'rs, by thirſty furrows drunk,
Freſhen the herbage, and the hoary ſwain,
From well-known ſigns, foretells yet wiſh'd for rain;
All eyes obſervant fix'd upon the *Peer*,
None doubt his honour, none his judgment here;
Who, in the good *Centurion*, plough'd his way,
Thro' hurricanes, acroſs the vaſt *South-Sea*.

That

That watchfull pair who near the *Sov'reign* ſtood
TEUTONIEL with TERZILLIEL the good,
Mean while in conf'rence--Of *Weſtphalian* plains
His proper charge, yet ravag'd, that complains;
While *Britains* ſtrength tranſported to *Quebec*,
Nought here remains OMBRULIEL's pride to check;
Whom thus TERZILLIEL, with a look ſerene,
Strengthens, in dark *Futurity* well-ſeen.

As ſmall *Thy Diſtrict* narrow are *Thy* views;
Superior ſpirits, gladly yet, diffuſe
Gifts out of meaſure, which they have receiv'd,
Quebec reduc'd, already has reliev'd
The *Colonies*, from whence theſe *Sea-girt Iſles*
Draw ſums, too often ſpent in foreign broils,
When *Britain* from her proper int'reſt ſwerves,
Yet here, what *State* ſuch *Public Faith* obſerves?
Where ſacred, civil rights are fix'd, as here,
What from OMBRULIEL's ſchemes has ſhe to fear?
Of all the kingdoms which acknowledge CHRIST;
What ſtate is ſo with *Factions* exercis'd?

With

With meekneſs yet of chriſtian temper borne,
Till the *Great Winnower* comes, to fan his corn;
Hence *Britain* he regards, with ſpecial care---
Hear now; things yet to come I will declare.
That mighty armament, in hoſtile threat,
Which ſcowls upon the coaſt, with *Britain's* fleet
Engag'd; part, took or burnt, part doom'd to ſink
Muſt thro' their batter'd ſides the ocean drink;
Part ſhall in flight, up the *Villain* eſcape,
And there lie bulg'd, while twice men ſow and reap;
A monument of *Britain's* kindled wrath,
For ravag'd *Colonies*, and broken faith,
With all the dogs of *War* on *Europe* loos'd---
Montreal then ceded, *Canada* reduc'd,
The *Sov'reign* now, grown old and full of days,
Like a ripe ſheaf is gather'd to his place.
By mortals, tho' with reaſon, to his ſhade
The tributary tear, and verſe are paid;
Matter of joy, ſuperior beings ſee,
When *Time* gives place, to vaſt *Eternity*;

So

So much the more, as now a prince ſucceeds,
Like a good paſtor who the people feeds;
Knowing on him devolves the equal weight
Of government, in *Church* as well as *State*:
With early zeal to root out flagrant crimes,
His name tranſmitted down to future times;
Counſell'd by wiſe, and patriot *Miniſters*,
'Twixt both extremes, the helm of *State* he ſteers
Weapon'd for war, and ſtock'd with magazines,
He finds the kingdom yet to peace inclines;
Is that refus'd; The *Pruſſian* he ſupports,
Againſt the rage of three intriguing courts.
Of *Britain*'s faith, the *Warrior King* aſſur'd,
To deſp'rate arbitration of the ſword
Commits his cauſe; a while, in even ſcale
The battle hangs, at laſt his pow'rs prevail.
But *Famine* frequent, and the conq'ring ſword
Compell the *German* ſwain to change his lord;
Yet *Britain* triumphs---nor the honeſt praiſe
Which to her *Patriot King*, the ſubject pays,

Succeſs

Succeſs, full-tided, nor the various arts,
Practis'd in courts, the monarch's care diverts;
Determin'd now, his houſhold to inſpect,
Till luxury is at the fountain check'd;
Yet farther ſtudying to conciliate
His people's love; the father of the ſtate
Prevents their warmeſt wiſhes, to eſpouſe
The hopefull branch of *Stretlitz'* princely houſe.
Whom now the conſcious angel, who delights
To finiſh wedded love's myſterious rites;
Safe in her ſtately yatcht conducts to land, [ſtrand
Through boiſt'rous ſeas, and, from the crouded
Glad ſubjects welcome, where, with loud acclaims,
Their ſhouts re-eccho, down to antient *Thames*:
At her approach, the ſov'reign now attends,
Smit with his ſtate, ſhe lights and lowly bends;
With the politeneſs of a courtier rais'd
And, with a lover's ardour, then embrac'd.
Not that experienc'd, when the boiling blood
Ferments, from racy wines and high-ſauc'd food--

But that where nature her eternal laws
Fullfills, and chief the love of offspring draws—
He to the altar leads, where holy bands
Unite the royal pair, with ſtricken hands,
Then crown'd, and uſher'd to the well-known hall
With all the pomp of publick feſtivall;
Nobles, with bended knee, allegiance pay,
Bearing, of office and imperial ſway,
Fit ſymbols; ſprightly airs, the fancy wing,
And all the people ſhout, *God ſave the king.*
Auguſta, never pour'd ſo vaſt a throng,
To ſee the grand proceſſion wind along:
High on the tow'r the *Britiſh* ſtandard rais'd,
Another lion, in the field emblaz'd,
Adds to her antient honours; many a round
Of pealing bells, ſhrill trumpets and the ſound
Of thund'ring cannon, tell the villager
His horſes to unyoak, and make good cheer:
While coſtly pageants ſpeak the gen'ral joy,
Where pop'lous towns with one another vie.

Proſp'rous

Proſp'rous his arms, by land and ſea the while--
France, anxious, keeps her faſtneſs at *Belleiſle!*
Untoward ſeaſons, yet the fleets withold,
When long the nights, the ſeaſon rough and cold;
But ſcarely half his courſe the ſummer-ſun,
Inclining to the *Tropick* yet has run,
Ee'r KEPPEL ſails, and valiant HODGSON lands;
DE CROIX, tho brave, ſubmits to *Britiſh* bands.
What helliſh enginry, on either ſide,
During the ſiege, inceſſant are employ'd!
While *War*, ſtern umpire of contending ſtates,
Emptying her quiver, yet depopulates---
For mortals, in their int'reſts diſagree,
Nor TRUTH, like us, by intuition ſee;
Each for himſelf concludes, and by the teſt
Of his opinion, ſtill would try the reſt---
And tho' the magiſtrate, by courſe of law,
Can right the needy, and the factious awe;
When jarring int'reſts ſov'reign ſtates divide,
Frequent, the ſword muſt either claim decide;

Where oft' the weakeſt to the ſtrongeſt yield,
While brutal force, in triumph keeps the field:
Yet all is right--No ſearching can detect
The council of the *Sov'reign Intellect*---
What if HE wills, that good and evil blent,
Shall for a certain ſeaſon thus ferment,
Till this ſhall ſeperate, and that is purg'd?
France ſcourging others, in her turn is ſcourg'd;
That nurſe of ſecret feud, or open jar
Perpetual, with the threefold peſt of *War*
Slaughter, fire, famine, right and wrong confounds--
Nor ſolemn pact obſerves, nor antient bounds.
For this her plagues increas'd, rough LALLY raves,
While, from the ſelfiſh *Hollander* he craves
Speedy relief---nor *Pondicherry* ſaves.
Yet baffled in her ſchemes, ſhe ſeeks again
To ſpirit up the *Cherokees*--- in vain,
While active GRANT on thoſe deſtroyers turns
Their arts, his ravag'd fields the *Indian* mourns;

Fierce

Fierce ATTAKULLHA ſhakes, to no effect,
His tomahawk, the murd'rers to protect;
Requeſting peace, they come to treat with ſhame,
Cold, and keen hunger, can the *Savage* tame.
Thus *France* muſt ſoon experience, to her coſt,
That fatal brand, to injure others toſt,
Spending on her it's utmoſt rage, deſtroys---
Nor in the ravage ſpares her fierce allies,
While hurts unbound, ſtill rank'ling more and more,
Ulcerate, like a peſtilential ſore;
Till *Europe*, nearly, has th' infection caught:
Nor yet, the balm of healing counſells ſought.
But, with ſuch frequent loſſes quite diſtreſs'd,
Awhile that innate rancour ſeems ſuppreſs'd;
Peace ſhe propoſes with pretences fair:
The *Patriot Stateſman*, of deceit aware--
With openneſs, and dignity he treats,
Contemning BUSSY's, and the *Spaniard's* threats,
Propoſes now, now hears what they propoſe,
OMBRULIEL, in his doubles, follow'd cloſe,

Varies

Varies to no effect his tortuous train:
Good-faith to *Pruſſia*, *Britain* ſhall maintain.
But what diviſions in the *Cabinet*?
What heats? what ferments, un-ſubſiding yet?
While foul-mouth'd ſlander, *Faction*'s active tool,
Can names rever'd by *Britain* ridicule,
Juſt meaſures brand, as took in ſpleen, or pride--
Yet theſe, as metals in the furnace try'd,
No polliſh need, in native luſtre bright!
Truth, ſcorns the ſubterfuge of borrow'd light,
Beſt recommended from her innate charms---
His counry's love the *Patriot Stateſman* warms!
Active, in ev'ry taſk which that requires
And, if diſmiſt, contented he retires:
Still prompt to ſerve, whene'er her int'reſt calls,
Nor forms, nor yet ſubmits to court caballs.
He, with due deferrence, ſhall yet be heard
When war againſt the *Spaniard* is declar'd---
Nor vainly, ſhall the *Hanoverian* ſtates
Sollicit aid; tho time his courſe compleats

To ſet a native on the *Britiſh* throne,
I thenceforth, regent of this realm alone,
Thy charge as this, the *Sov'reign* will defend,
Till faith exchang'd this bloody war ſhall end.

Thenceforth the laws of *Germany* obey'd,
Let thoſe protect, nor here ſolicit aid,
We leave the trade of war to men of blood
And factious, ſtates who nouriſh endleſs feud,
Good faith obſerv'd with neighbour kings, and peace,
Juſtice at home, and wholſome laws take place,
Frugality, a publick virtue grown,
All ranks of men ſhall copy from the throne:
Judges ſhall render law leſs intricate,
And from the bar drive clamorous debate:
Religion then, her drooping head ſhall rear,
And once more gild the *Weſtern hemiſphere*:
While biſhops riſe, by long experience try'd,
Who rightly can the word of truth divide;
Famous, as well to lead, as point the way,
To feed the flock, or keep the wolf at bay.

But

But--ſhould the luſt of change ſuch bleſſings ſpurn,
Then woe be to the children, yet unborn!
Riot, of wholeſome order ſhall take place,
And men, God's image more and more deface.
Bad men grown worſe, avow their evil deeds,
And univerſal bankruptſey ſucceeds;
Till mutual faith ſhall ceaſe, and mutual truſt;
Connubial love, o'erborn by grov'ling luſt,
Shall leave poſterity in doubt to trace
Their next of kin, a godleſs, ſpurious race;
From holy writ, more wicked maxims drawn,
More monſt'rous ſects, ſhall yet, like ſerpents ſpawn;
And magiſtracy ev'ry where withſtood,
Britain once more becomes a field of blood.

He ceas'd-- The time at hand TEUTONIEL ſaw,
And nought rejoins--So much obſervant awe,
Inferior ſpirits, to ſuperior bear,
Chief of angellic thrones TERZILLIEL here.

Keen HAWKE the while, now loos'd upon his prey,
Acroſs the channel ſtretch'd to *Quïb'ron-bay*

Aloft

Aloft, the *Royal George* her main-ſheet rears,
The blue flag at her topmaſt-head appears
Twenty ſtout ſhips of war compoſe her train,
Steer'd by her ſignals on the liquid plain;
While on their ample bows old *Ocean* roars,
In concert, to the hoarſe-reſounding ſhores.
Where now a-head, the *Maidſtone Frigate* plies,
Loos'd in the wind, her main-top-gallant flies--
The well-known ſignal that the *French* are near
Is welcom'd, with an univerſal cheer,
Hoarſe murm'ring, and repeated thro' the fleet;
As when a cataract with an ampler ſheet,
Down cliffs which meaſure many a fathom, pours
Her waters, ſwolen from the up-land ſhow'rs--
Intrepid HOWE ſtretch'd on, to aſcertain
Their ſtrength and poſture, now, diſcover'd plain,
Twice ten the *Peer*, all line of battle, told;
Led by the *Soleil Royal* gilt with gold,
Up from the water line, ſhe ſeem'd to flame---
Neptune, and many a tributary ſtream,

Roſe in her carving, with a bold relief;
And nations ſymbolis'd, where *France* ſeem'd chief.
HAWKE's ſignal now obſerv'd to form the line,
All range a-breaſt, till all the ſquadron join,
Then onward preſs-- for CONFLANS, ſtretch'd away,
In chaſe of DUFF, makes down into the *Bay*.
Before the ſtrength of *France* the commodore
Winds thro' the *Bay*, ſo often travers'd o'er;
Dextrous, each well-known rock and ſhoal to ſhun,
As an old hare, that thro' her courſes run
Yet doubles, till eſcaping, down the wind
She ſcours, and leaves the hunters far behind--
Sore mortifi'd, if from a herd of deer,
Now rous'd, the lordly buck is drawing near,
When nobles, with intent a match to make,
The turf on high-bred ſteeds, careering ſhake--
Confounded ſo, when, with repeated cheers,
In view to *France* the *Britiſh* ſtrength appears!
To quarters all, for ſemblance now of fight
The *Marſhall* makes, the blue flag and the white

Oppoſite

Oppoſite in the air alternate curl,
While each in turn, defiance ſeems to hurl;
Both match'd in ſtrength, had *Gaul* the conteſt ſtood
The ſcuppers ſoon had ran with ſtreams of blood---
But CONFLANS, under all his canvas ſpread,
In flight among the ſhoals to *Quiberon* led.
Fill fill, ſaid HAWKE--make, make the main-maſts bend
Orders, or line of battle none attend--
Each captain fight his ſhip as beſt he may--
Still bearing down-- *The good old Engliſh way!*

Nor more requir'd, all eager now to chaſe,
And *France* bears witneſs to her own diſgrace;
Where thouſands, from the crowded beach, excite
CONFLANS, with frantick geſture, to the fight:
Fruitleſs to ſaints and angels they exclaim!
Yet, whom the thirſt of *Glory*, fear of *Shame*,
Move not, *Deſpair* at laſt compell'd to face,
Where equal danger from the fight or chaſe
Threatens; while *Neptune*'s bulls begin to roar---
And either fight they muſt, or run aſhore.

What ſhips bear down? the *Warſpite*, firſt a-head,
Where eager BENTLEY all his canvas ſpread:
Leading the *Britiſh* ſquadron, down he bears,
And, as a true bred cock, the dunghill clears;
Or tow'ring in his flight, a faulcon ſprings,
Soars in the ſun, then pois'd on ſteady wings,
Where'er he ſtrikes, the game is ſure to fall,
So keen the *Heroe*, while the flying *Gaul*
He charg'd, and thunders with his lower tier--
Stout captain DENNIS, in the *Dorſetſhire*,
Next with the *French* his ſhot to interchange;
Redoubted STORR, then brought up the *Revenge*:
With a preſt ſail, cloſe following in her wake,
The gallant *Reſolution*, fearleſs SPEKE
Ne'er hauls his ſheet, till from the flying rout,
The *French* rear adm'ral he has ſingled out.

In action frequent, to the ſeamen dear,
Next HOWE and KEPPEL charge; a ſtancher pair,
Britain ne'er ſlipt upon the *Gallic* coaſt,
Each, fearleſs, on the quarter deck expos'd,

Seems

Seems in his native element at ſea,
This fights the *Magnanime*, that the *Torbay*
Thund'ring, as when two rapid torrents join
Their waters to the *Danube* or the *Rhine*;
Or roar, choak'd up with ice, where once a year,
Returning ſuns, unchain the frigid *Bear*.
Voracious ſharks, from each contiguous bay,
Summon'd with burſt of cannon, paunch the prey;
Greedy as vultures in *Bohemia* bred,
Sure, with the fleſh of captains to be fed
What time they follow, ſnuffling on the wing,
Victorious FERDINAND, or *Pruſſia*'s *warrior King*.
Next, charge the *Swiftſure* and the *Montague*,
And now the *Royal George*; keen HAWKE in view
Explores, with eyes which ſpeak a dauntleſs mind,
Some object worthy of his rage to find:
One of the *Seven*, from *Empyrean Towr's*,
So looks, e'er he the vengefull vial pours!
To CAMPBELL then, upon the quarter-deck,
Waiting his orders, thus the adm'ral ſpake;

Lo!

Lo! the *Soleil*, and CONFLANS' flag in view---
Bear down with ſpeed--and lay her broadſide to.
Inſtant the maſter all his ſkill diſplays,
Proud of her trim, his ſhip the helm obeys;
Her yards the main-ſail ſtretch, with ample ſweep,
And with a length of keel ſhe plows the deep,
With, half a foreſt in her timbers told
While each o'er each three ſpacious decks uphold,
And *Neptune* on her prow his trident ſhook---
Firſt to her ſtate, the *Formidable* ſtruck;
The *French rear Adm'ral* here his flag diſplay'd,
And ſtood a moſt infernal cannonade,
Where furious SPEKE, with double-headed ſhot,
Kept bearing down, till muzzle to they fought;
Worthy each captain, of better lot--
DE VERGER ſlain and SPEKE his veſſell loſt!
None braver than DE VERGER *France* could boaſt:
Great *Shade*, if *Genius* prompts in meaſur'd verſe,
The acts of *Britain's Worthies* to rehearſe,

And

And *Time* ſhall in his ravage ſpare the ſtrain,
Be *Thou* diſtinguiſh'd, in the *Patriot train!*
Nor be the falling tear or ſigh ſuppreſt,
When pity riſes in a *Britiſh* breaſt---

Yet HAWKE preſt on, where either way engag'd
Twin-born of *Neptune*, HOWE, and KEPPEL rag'd
Dreadfull in battle: All to ſhatters rent,
KEPPEL the *Theſee* to the bottom ſent---
Eight hundred ſouls with all her guns and ſtores,
Ingulph'd-- Where HOWE his ſhot inceſſant pours,
Scarce ſeen for clouds of ſmoke and bick'ring flame,
The *Heros* ſtruck, and now to anchor came;
Where, tho' expos'd, a diſmal wreck ſhe lies,
None can protect, nor HOWE ſecure his prize.

Now chief to chief, and ſhip to ſhip, in ſight
Bear down--the blue flag this, and that the white
Diſtinguiſh, at the main-maſt head diſplay'd,
Both meet; as when in northern ſtraits, embay'd
Mountains of ice tilt--with concuſſion vaſt!
Or as th' *Arch-angel trump*, in final blaſt,

Summon'd

Summon'd the *Hoſts of God*, with loud acclaim!
All *Nature* ſhuddering from her in-moſt frame!
Th' exploſion ſuch--while, eager to engage,
Both kindle horrid *Mars* to tenfold rage.

But Hawke's ſtout ſhip the *Gallic* fire derides,
Compact with heart of oak, her ample ſides;
Plank over plank, ſtrong iron bolts ſecure,
Twice fifty cannon, from her broad-ſides roar---
Yet the *Soleil* with men out numb'ring ſwarms,
Train'd to to the ready exerciſe of arms,
Let theſe, Ombruliel ſaid, provoke the war,
With well-aim'd leaden bullets from afar;
Station'd upon the poop, and ev'ry top,
So ſhall the flow'r of *Britains* navy drop;
Mean time below the active engineer,
Chief on the rigging, bring his guns to bear,
Till under no command a-drift ſhe lies,
Then bear intrepid down, and ſeize the prize.

While *France* thus ſeeks to linger out the war,
Burns the great heart, in every true-bred tar.

Where

Where HAWKE himſelf the great example ſhows,
Broadſide, and broadſide, thus to fight 'em cloſe.
While yet his hull the fire increaſing tears,
Filling, in flight away the *Marſhal* bears;
HAWKE ſcorns to chaſe, who from his duty ſwerv'd
When coming down, he BEAUFREMONT obſerv'd,
Pleas'd when a flag-ſhip yet remains unfought,
But ſoon the *Marſhal*'s great example caught;
Juſt as he paſt, with ſhot at random pour'd,
Inglorious flight, the other chief ſecur'd.
Three others firing paſs'd then bore away,
Like yelping curs, which at a maſtiff bay.
Till frequent inſults rouſe the gen'rous beaſt,
Sure with ſharp fangs, to pinch where he has ſeiz'd,
So the *Superb* advent'ring now too cloſe,
With ſullen roar rebuk'd, and down ſhe goes,
Firſt when ſhe heel'd a victor ſhout aroſe---
But when her hull begins to diſappear,
A ſudden ſhriek, ſoon check'd the half form'd cheer.

Witneſs the hand that wav'd, the head that ſhook,
Witneſs the wild concern, in ev'ry look,
Humanity yet tempers *Britiſh* rage,
Now with the *Royal George* ſeven ſhips engage.
But watchful here the miniſters of grace,
The balls paſs by, or ineffectual graze;
For *Heavens all-ſeeing eye* averſe to *France*,
Reſpects the *Engliſh* with paternal glance;
Where pious yet a few lift holy hands,
At ſolemn hours, the angel ready ſtands.
And fervent prayers the public crimes atone,
With golden cenſer wafted to the throne.

HAWKE, ſingly to ſo many ſhips expos'd,
HARDY bore down, and all his thunder rous'd;
The *Union*, *Hero*, *Mars*, their fire repeat,
And rout takes place thro' all the *Gallic* fleet.
France now had ſeen her total ſquadron flame,
Without a navy, and without a name.
But watchful ſuch combuſtion to prevent,
JAPHETIEL, *Hierarch* of the continent;

Stationed

Stationed on *Gibraltar's* height he ſtands,
Holding the rod and ballance in his hands,
When *Europe's* jarring thrones for pow'r contend,
He ſaw, and left the flames ſhou'd now aſcend,
While *Britain* with a ſeries of ſucceſs,
Puff'd up, perhaps ſhould neighbour ſtates oppreſs.
Beckon'd the ſhades, which from the *German* ſea,
Riſing half-form'd, his awful nod obey;
Wing'd with the wind o'er *Dover* cliff they paſt,
And night o'er all the *Bay*, her mantle caſt.
HAWKE left the chace, each ſhip her anchor drops,
And ſeamen num'rous mounting to the tops;
Diſpers'd on all the yards alternate ſwing,
Rock'd with the billowing ſurge, yet fearleſs cling.
But mindleſs of the duſk, heroick SPEKE
The *Orient*, ſeen a-head propos'd to take;
Thrice he eſteem'd her ſure, while on the ſtay
As oft ſhe tack'd, then filling bore away--
OMBRULIEL yet preſents before his eyes
Her fancy'd ſails, where miſty vapours riſe,

Wreck'd on the ſands--an unforeſeen miſchance!
Ungovern'd zeal, to pluck the creſt of *France*,
Spur'd on the chief, his danger unobſerv'd;
The wiſe ſometimes, the bold have often ſwerv'd;
Late victors, hoping ſoon to ſee their friends,
Lo! ev'ry moment inſtant death impends---
While broke with waves, howe'er ſecur'd by art,
With fearful craſh they hear the timbers ſtart,
Dolefull through night, their ſignal-guns are heard,
Sad tokens of diſtreſs, till day appear'd.

JAPHETIEL now the morning watch had ſet,
And took his ſtation-- From the far-fam'd *Strait*,
His viſual organ, like the eye of *Day*,
Took in the *Iſles*, the *Main-land*, and the *Sea*;
Beyond the *Alps*, where *Europe's* border ends;
To where the *Muſcovite* his bound extends:
One of the four, to whom the *Higheſt* gave
Pow'r o'er the *Nations*--trembling they receive
The weighty charge: To theſe the care aſſign'd
Of ſov'reign *States*, to looſe and ſeal the wind,

Ruling

Ruling the two and thirty ſons of *Air*,
Quarternion, twice four points each *Hierarch's* ſhare;
And as *Th' all-ſeeing eye*, at once can trace,
Round from the center, to remoteſt ſpace;
So theſe, with inſtantaneous glance diſcern
Whatever their dominion may concern;
Theſe can the hearts of ſtuborn *Tyrants* tame;
To kindle war, or quench the ſpreading flame
Commiſſion'd; If in wealth and trade increas'd
Some pow'rful *State* would now o'erbear the reſt:
Each girding on his adamantine mail,
Rides in the *Uproar* and with holy *Zeal*
Stirs up the reſt, in oppoſition leagu'd--
Then mortals, with their own inventions plagu'd;
Blaſpheming, in an inſtant, would confound
Evil and *Good*, but for the triple bound,
Which keeps them ſever'd, like a threefold chain,
Two the *Extremes*, and one the *Golden mean*
Of ſun-clad *Virtue*--Vicious all beyond,
But nought can force th' indiſoluble bond,

Of

Of many a link; with mechaniſm join'd,
Which ſpeaks its author, the *Eternal mind!*

By frequent loſſes *France* reduc'd at length,
Anxious to ſave the remnant of her ſtrength,
Which on the trembling mud, inglorious lay,
JAPHETIEL, looking tow'rds the ſhoaly bay,
Now favours; while the day-ſpring, from on high,
Look'd forth, and ſtreak'd with light the eaſtern ſkie,
Sure pledge of morn: yet o'er the *Bay* extends
Dim twilight, undiſtinguiſh'd foes or friends,
Under whoſe covert trembling for their fate,
The *Soliel royal*, and the *Heros* wait.---
Diſcover'd in the morning where they lie,
Both ſlipt to neareſt ſhoals for ſafety fly:
A-ground and boarded, *France* beheld the flames,
Uncheck'd, till *Neptune* thirſty *Vulcan* tames.

Full eye'd when *Day* on *Dover-cliff* appears,
HAWKE weighs, and on the *Gallic* ſquadron bears,
Where yet at hand, unſtruck, their colours flew---
So ſprings the hunter, with his game in view;

Part

Part, with their anchors ſlipt, e'er break of day,
BEAUFREMONT leading, now had clear'd the *Bay:*
Part, juſt emerg'd inglorious from the mud,
Heave out their guns, and, with the tide at flood,
From neareſt rivulets protection ſeek---
Penrez and *Croſie* urge the ſhallow *Creek*--
Villaine ſhrinks backward to his ſcanty urn!
France ſhows the *Loire*, where yet her ſtrength
may turn---
HAWKE thund'ring on their rear---all urge in vain!
All crowding up, lie bulg'd in the *Villaine*.

The E N D.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM